No. 205 (New Series), Vol. 4. February 22, 1936

The PASSING SHOW 2D

★ MURDER MOON – a Will Scott *thriller*

- Hedley BARKER
- Damon RUNYON
- Marjorie BOWEN
- Richard CONNELL
- A.P. LUSCOMBE-WHYTE

5 COMPLETE STORIES
4 HUMOUR PAGES

EVERY DAY

another opportunity

SLIPS BY

WHEN to-day ends, part of your life has gone for ever. If you have not made any definite move towards bettering your position, another opportunity has slipped by.

There are only a few short years in a man's life in which to prepare for a successful career. The sooner you decide that your career shall be one of which you can be proud, the easier will it be for you to achieve it.

Success is a matter of Vocational Training, which will give you **specialized** knowledge fitting you for advancement in this modern world that demands efficiency.

Things will soon begin to come your way, once you have settled down to a suitable course of study.

That is the actual experience of thousands of men who are now studying I.C.S. Courses. They are not allowing opportunity to slip by, but, on the contrary, are gaining on those of their fellows who are wasting precious time. Why not join the progressive minority who devote some of their spare hours to qualifying for the enviable rewards of responsible positions? But you must start NOW. Don't miss to-day's opportunity.

Write for our free booklet and free advice on any one or more of the following subjects:

BUSINESS AND GENERAL

Accountancy
Advertising
Book-keeping
Commercial Art
Commercial Training
French and Spanish
General Education
Insurance
Journalism
Salesmanship
Scientific Management
Secretarial Work
Shorthand-Typewriting
Short-Story Writing
Window Dressing
Works Management

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL

Aeronautical Engineering
Agriculture
Air Conditioning
Architecture
Boilermaking
Building
Chemical Engineering
Civil Engineering
Dairy Farming
Draughtsmanship
Electrical Engineering
Engineering Shop Practice
Gas-Power Engineering
Horticulture
Heating and Ventilating
Marine Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Mining
Motor Engineering
Municipal Engineering
Pattern-making
Plumbing
Poultry Farming
Radio
Sanitary Engineering
Sheet-Metal Work
Steam Engineering
Structural Engineering
Surveying
Textiles
Welding, Gas & Elec.
Woodworking

EXAMINATIONS

Technical, Professional, Matriculation, Civil Service (state which).

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS LTD.

Dept. 168, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

MORNING PRIDE

REGD

THE RAZOR READY BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

. . . because it gives me the chance to make a quick, clean, effortless shave, without soap, brush or rubbing. A shave without sting or irritation, and because it saves time . . .

TUBES 1/- JARS 1/6

PRODUCT OF FAIRY DYES, LTD., PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.

Sole Distributors: FASSETT & JOHNSON, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

no brush — no lather — no rubbing

BRING BACK THE NATURAL COLOUR TO YOUR HAIR

"I'm an old friend, so you won't think I'm impertinent when I mention your grey hairs. I'll tell you a secret. My hair was going grey, and then I heard about Deckers. It **isn't a dye**. It's a vegetable preparation for restoring the hair to its natural colour. Johnny dear, you must use Deckers and stay young looking!"

DECKER'S 1/9
hair darkening
bay rum

● Super size bottle, double quantity, 3/-. Standard size, 1/9. Get a bottle to-day. Obtainable from all hairdressers and stores.

OSBORNE GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.1

"PASSING SHOW" "SLOGANS" COMPETITION

No. 3 RESULTS

FIRST PRIZE OF £10

E. Kingswell, "Glen Avon," Sunset Drive, Ilkley, Yorks.

Slogan: VOLATOL.
A "Treasure" for the Chest.

SECOND PRIZE OF £5

J. Mattocks, 1 Elworthy Cotts., War Memorial Village, Westfield, Lancaster.

Slogan: THE BERKELEY CHAIR
The "Seat" that's always "Booked."

FIVE PRIZES OF £1

A. Brook Carter, "Glenavon," Southbank Road, Grassendale, Liverpool 19.

Slogan: DE RESZKE MINORS
In short—a Great Smoke!

Arthur L. Parsons, 161 Tranmere Road, London, S.W.18.

Slogan: "ASPRO" TABLETS
The World's smallest Medicine-Chest.

Mrs. A. Bishop, 78 Silver Street, Norwich, Norfolk.

Slogan: CHARLES LETTS
Let's Get a Diary, Yes, "Letts."

Dennis Gordon, 18 Abbotsford Gardens, Blundellsands, Liverpool, 23.

Slogan: PELMANISM
Pelmanism, *and a Good Job, Too!*

Edmund Burton, 91 Hawthorn Crescent, Highbury, Portsmouth.

Slogan: PELMAN
Makes Grey Matter *Matter!*

The Testimony of Millions

The universal use of Oxo is proof that Beef in this concentrated form is a necessity in every home and family.

Millions of Housewives-

Improve their gravies, soups, stews, and meat-dishes with Oxo, giving them more tastiness, more richness, and increased nutritive value.

OXO

BEEF in BRIEF

56/35

THORNS

The Nation's Choice!

"I made sure of good shelter when I bought a THORNS Shed"

"Quality and smart finish. That's what I like about THORNS Buildings"

A NOVICE CAN ERECT

ONLY Thorns make quality buildings like these for such low prices! All the wood is machined to a beautiful finish and the accurately fitting sections, fully strengthened with our "Strongess" Patented ***Steel Braced*** Corners, ensure a strength and quality in Thorns Buildings that preserves their smart appearance, long after others have become dilapidated. No wonder Thorns Portable Buildings are the Nation's Choice.

These are the buildings **you** want, delivered on first payment and on fullest approval. Write to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 9.S.

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THORNS SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS

Long	Wide	High	Cash Price	Dep.	M'ly
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 3 0	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2 16 0	3/9	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3 1 0	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3 13 6	4/6	6/8
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 8 0	4/9	8/-

Floors extra. Many other designs and sizes.

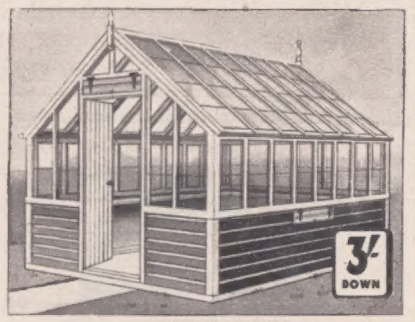
Pent Roof Sheds from **22/-**.

All Delivered Free or Carr. Paid England and Wales.

GARAGES

Strong, moulded weatherboard, complete in sections, "Strongess" ***steel braced,*** with roofing felt included. Many other designs and sizes.

Long	Wide	High	Cash Price	Dep.	M'thly
8ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	£4 3 6	5/-	7/7
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£5 11 6	5/-	10/2
11ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£5 18 6	5/6	10/10
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£7 3 0	6/-	13/1
14ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£7 17 6	7/-	14/5
16ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£8 12 6	8/-	15/9



GREENHOUSES

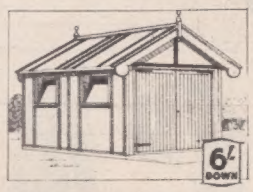
Complete in sections, "Strongess" ***steel braced.*** All glass cut to size and shape, plant staging, painting, etc. Ready for immediate use.

Long	Wide	High	Cash Price	Dep.	M'ly
6ft. 3in.	5ft. 0in.	6ft. 6in.	£2 15 0	3/-	4/11
7ft. 6in.	5ft. 0in.	6ft. 6in.	£3 2 0	3/6	5/7
8ft. 9in.	6ft. 3in.	7ft. 0in.	£3 19 0	4/-	7/2
10ft. 0in.	6ft. 3in.	7ft. 0in.	£4 3 6	4/6	7/7
12ft. 3in.	7ft. 6in.	8ft. 9in.	£6 7 6	5/-	11/7

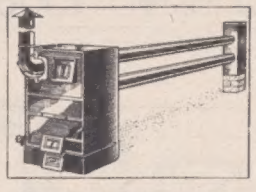
Garden Frames from **15/-** each.

WIDE FREE LORRY DELIVERY or CARR. PAID IN ENGLAND & WALES

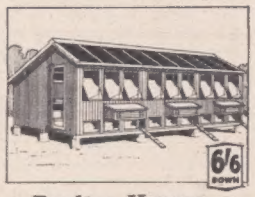
Whatever it is **"PUT IT IN A THORNS *Portable Building*"**



Fireproof Garages.
"Strongess" ***steel braced*** with asbestos walls and roof. Also All-Steel Garages.



Heating Apparatus.
From **£2 4s.**, or **3/9** down. For any size greenhouse. Economical, reliable.



Poultry Houses.
Small houses from **23/6.** Poultry Units for all systems of rearing.

THORNS SPECIALISE IN ALL KINDS OF PORTABLE BUILDINGS

Send To-day for **FREE** Catalogues

Garden Sheds, 9.S.S. ***Greenhouses, 9.S.H.*** ***Garages, 9.S.G.***
Poultry Houses, 9.S.P. ***Other Buildings, 9.S.M.***

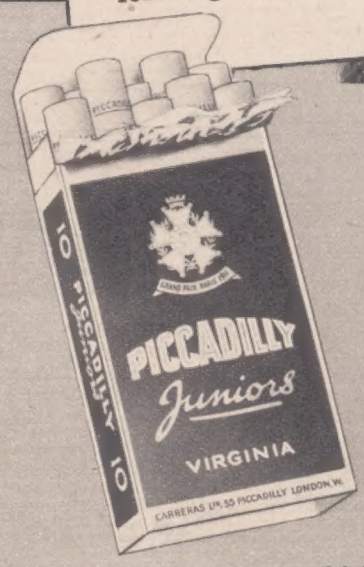
J. THORN & SONS, LTD.,
Box 9 S BRAMPTON ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT, *Tel: Bexleyheath* 305.

"There's something so soothing about these Piccadilly"

So smooth and soothing, possessing a subtle difference in the blending of their high-quality tobaccos, Piccadilly junior size cigarettes have become symbolic of a smoke which is long enough to be thoroughly enjoyable without an atom of waste.

You *too* should try Piccadilly to-day and note the difference.

There are packings to suit every taste, every requirement, and the price can only be described as thoroughly reasonable for such an excellent cigarette.



PACKETS OF
10 for 4d 15 for 6d

OVAL TINS
30 for 1/-

FLAT POCKET TINS
60 for 2/-

FLAT POCKET BOXES
30 for 1/-

PICCADILLY

Junior SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

P.J.90

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

PASSING SHOW
No. 205. Vol. 4. FEBRUARY 22. 1936.

"It's been a long trail, Tommy my boy, but it tastes good when you're as close as this."

Long Complete Story
by
WILL SCOTT

Murder Moon

ONE light shone in the house across the marshes. That and the moon, and no other light anywhere. Under the dead elm, a couple of hundred yards from the house, the man in the bowler hat licked his lips. It was the action of a dog, with a bone soon to come.

"Just the place to choose," he whispered. "Only—we found out. . . ."

The other man said nothing; the little man, the man with the pale face and baggy eyes. Something splashed in a dyke; the wind rattled the dry branches of a willow; a couple of miles away or more a dog barked; farther still a train whistled. Neither of the men under the dead elm heard. They had ears for little that night, and eyes only for the solitary light in the house across the marshes.

"Well, we've waited long enough. No reason why we should wait any longer," said the man in the bowler hat. "Come on. Keep close behind me. You see that blackthorn bush? That's your post. One of us *might* be wanted outside."

"Will the woman be with him?" asked the little man.

"I neither know nor care," was the reply. "I'm not interested in the woman."

Silently, picking their way with care, they walked along the edge of the dyke until they came to the blackthorn bush. Now they were half-way to the house.

"You stay here," said the man in the bowler hat, "in case he bolts. If he does—don't miss."

The little man grinned in the thin moonlight.

"I'll get him!" he said. And he opened his hand and disclosed a pistol.

The other nodded.

"It's been a long trail, Tommy my boy, but it tastes good when you're as close as this."

"He hasn't got a dog's chance," whispered the little man. "We've got him now. Smoke him out. If he dodges you, he won't dodge me." He blinked at the sky. "Moon's thin. I daren't get closer, but how'll I know who's who from here. That door's in the shadow. I might pot *you* instead."

"Which wouldn't be nice, would it?" said the man in the bowler hat. "I've got it, Tommy. Keep your eye on that light. The window. Looks like it might be an oil lamp or something. They wouldn't have electricity in this heaven-forsaken place. Well, that's your signal. If he gets past me somehow, I'll put out the lamp. Get me. If the lamp stays in, you don't shoot, whoever leaves. But the first to break cover after it does—drop him."

"Leave him to me," said Tommy. "I used to be the best shot in the world, but I've improved since those days."

The man in the bowler hat stirred and rubbed his hands together.

"We shan't be wanting any signal, though. I haven't come all this way to pass him over to you, Tommy. . . . Not a darned sound, is there? Always hiding. Spent half his life that way. But he's only wasting his time hiding now. O.K., Tommy?"

"O.K." said Tommy.

"Right."

The man in the bowler hat moved away, crossed the thinly-lit patch of waste and approached the house. Still there was not a sound to be heard, not a movement to be seen; or not a movement that he could see. He passed on to the door.

Inside the lighted room a woman backed away from the window, her eyes fixed on the knob of the outer door. She was alone, or seemed to be; and yet she spoke.

"He's coming!"

It was only a whisper, and if it was heard it seemed to bring no response. The woman moved a pace towards a wide green door, turned again and waited.

The shade on the table lamp left the outer door in shadow, so that she could not tell whether the knob moved or not. One slim hand stroked her throat, the other tapped, tapped on the back of an easy chair. Of any other movement she seemed suddenly incapable.

She was not old; perhaps twenty-eight. In a happier setting she might have seemed beautiful, or at least handsome. Merely pretty she was not, nor ever could have been; there was too much character in her face for that. Her hair was black, her eyes were black and big, her skin pale. Her dress was ruby—a dark ruby, with one string of ivory beads for relief. In front of the shadowed background, the light from the lamp shining upon her face, she looked like an age-tinted painting.

Had the knob moved? It must have moved. There was now a thin strip of blue down the side of the door, a thin strip that widened; and there was a sudden chill that came from the marshland.

Then the blue strip vanished and a dark bulk stood in its place. A big man it was, in a bowler hat which he did not trouble to remove.

They looked at each other, but still the woman seemed incapable of movement. The man moved slowly into the room.

"Good evening," he said.

"What are you doing here?" the woman demanded. "Who are you?"

"Henry Wheeler in?" asked the man.

"Do you hear what I say?"

The man calmly surveyed the room. It seemed to be a kind of lounge hall, comfortably but plainly and cheaply furnished. Besides the outer door through which he had come, there was a small door on his left and the wide green door in front of which she stood.

In front of which she stood. . . .

He looked at the wide green door again. Then glanced at the table lamp, and the little brass spindle at the side which turned the light up or down.

"You Mrs. Henry Wheeler?" he asked.

"My name is Crane," the woman replied. "What do you want?"

"I want Henry Wheeler."

"There's nobody of that name here."

"No?"

He moved closer to the table, his eyes seeming to be on her but taking in the details of the wide green door at her back.

"You have no right to come in here," said the woman breathlessly. "What do you want? I say. Who are you?"

"If you're not Mrs. Henry Wheeler," the man answered, "who I am can't be of the slightest interest to you."

(Continued overleaf)

Continuing Murder Moon

"You have forced your way into a private house," she reminded him.

"Really?" The man laughed. "Well, why don't you call your husband and have me thrown out?"

The woman's eyes glanced away, to the floor, to anything.

"Call him," the man repeated.

"My husband is out," said the woman.

"Out? I see." The man seemed to begin to move round the room, but stopped at once and faced her. "Was that your husband I saw come in here about half an hour ago?" And when she did not reply: "Or wasn't it?"

"Yes," she replied quickly. "But he went out again almost at once."

"Did he?" the man said softly. "Went out again almost at once. It's strange I didn't see him."

"It's strange you should be looking."

"It isn't—if you only knew!"

The man pushed an easy chair aside and without leave seated himself on the edge of the table.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know you. I must ask you to go," said the woman.

"What time is your husband expected back, Mrs. —Crane?" the man asked.

"Will you please go!"

"I asked you a question."

She turned from him and picked up a magazine, placed it aside on a little table for no reason, looked round again at the hulking figure on the edge of the table.

"Well?"

"Midnight—not before midnight," said the woman. "You *must* go."

"Midnight. Oh!"

And then her temper seemed to flare.

"Will you please get out of this house?"

"And if I say no?"

She shook her head listlessly and sat on a small chair, as far from him as possible.

"Who are you?"

"You'd never guess," the man replied with an unpleasant smile.

"Are you—." Her eyes fixed again in a wide stare. "You're not—from the police?"

"Expecting a visit from the police?"

"No. No, of course not."

"Then why ask?"

"I—I—well. . . ."

"Well what?"

"I don't know. There might have been an accident."

"It took you quite a while to think of that, didn't it?" said the man. And pointing to her hand where it rested on the arm of the chair: "You're trembling. What are you scared of?"

"I—I'm not trembling," she said quickly, pressing her hand deep into the upholstery. "But you come in here—I don't know you—I thought it was the police about an accident. . . ."

"The police don't walk in as I did just now," said the man, "without knocking. Do they?"

"No," said the woman.

"How do you know?"

"I—I don't suppose they do."

"You don't suppose they do?"

The woman rose from the chair, stood looking at him for a moment, then half-turned away—towards the wide green door. . . .

"Where are you going?" said the man.

"Nowhere," she answered.

"Then why go? Come here."

"How dare you!"

But indignation was lost on the man with the bowler hat. He raised a long finger and jabbed it in the direction of the wide green door.

"What's behind that green door?"

"The staircase to the upper floor."

"Who's in there?"

"Nobody."

"Who's in this house with you?"

"Nobody. I'm quite alone."

"No servants?"

"No."

"And you've been alone ever since your husband went out, half an hour ago?"

"Yes."

"H'm." The man stepped down from the table and pulled a battered cigarette case from his pocket. "And so you're not Mrs. Henry Wheeler?"

"No," she said. "I've already told you."

"Yes, yes, of course. Then it won't interest you to know that we've found him at last."

"Stand back from that door. I'll shoot if you don't."

"Found him?"

"Found him."

"Who?"

"Just a friend or two who've been longing for his company for the past year or so. A cigarette, Mrs. —Crane?"

"No, thank you."

"It might steady your nerves."

"I don't smoke."

"You don't smoke! Ah!"

The woman looked round suspiciously.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing." If there was any significance in the step he took towards the table she did not appear to notice it. "What is your husband's line of business?" he asked.

"He is employed at a jeweller's in Bond Street."

The man laughed.

"Now isn't that an amazing coincidence!"

"I don't understand you," she said.

"Henry Wheeler is employed at a jeweller's in Bond Street, if you should ask him," said the man in the bowler hat. "Even when his name is Smith or Jones or Robinson. He goes in for names, rather, my dear friend Henry. Only when you ask at the jeweller's in Bond Street they've never heard of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson. *Or* Mr. Wheeler. Funny if they've never heard of Mr. Crane either. Still, you've got to tell your wife something, haven't you? Is it McCullum's of Bond Street?"

The woman gave a nervous little start, controlled, but not so well that the man did not notice. He nodded.

"I thought so."

"Will you please get out of my house and call again when I am not alone," said the woman. And she turned her back on him and walked away.

"You keep going towards that green door," he said quietly.

She stopped.

"I—no. I just moved. You must go. Will you please go!"

"Don't seem able to get you really interested in Henry Wheeler," the man drawled. "You wouldn't be, of course. A dirty quitter, Henry Wheeler. A double crosser. A—murderer!"

The woman swayed, put out her hand and gripped the back of a chair. In her eyes there was terror—and surprise.

"Interested?" inquired the man calmly.

"I—I don't know what you are talking about."

"Of course you don't. No," said the man. "Let me see. A picked staff from McCullum's didn't go over to the Brussels Exhibition last Whitsuntide, by any chance, did they?"

The woman stood frozen, and he went on:

"I only ask because it was then our little pal Peter Carlish was left dead in a hedge at Bristol by dear Henry Wheeler."

She swayed, moved a pace, clung to the table, staring at him speechless.

"And of course a few days in Brussels is as good an excuse as any other, isn't it? A man couldn't exactly tell his wife he was going down to Bristol to kill an old pal who knew too much, could he?"

There was a silence that tingled in the little room. The man in the bowler hat smiled through his cigarette smoke.

"Did you speak?"

"Oh, for God's sake stop looking at me like that!" cried the woman. "Take your eyes off me. Go away! I don't know you. I don't know anything about it. My name is Crane. I am alone. My husband is out. I've told you. Why didn't you go to the police, if—if——"

"The police?" The man shook his head. "No, no. That would be too—impersonal. We want dear friend Henry for ourselves."

Slowly, unable to take her eyes off him, the woman backed away.

"Can't you ever move *away* from that door?" he asked.

"I—I haven't moved. I mean. . . ."

"*Dear* Henry Wheeler! Quitter! Squealer! Murderer!"

"It's a lie!" she cried.

"What is?" he flashed.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALFRED SINDALL

"I don't know. . . . Oh, stop looking at me! Stop talking!"

"I'm sorry for you," said the man. "He's told you the tale as he told the rest of 'em the tale. Good at telling 'em the tale, Henry is—or was. Nice reformed little boy—so good—comes straight home from McCullum's with his pay every Friday night—never be a naughty boy again if only you'll trust him. Well, that bit's right, anyway. He won't!"

"It's a lie!" cried the woman. "I don't believe it! I don't believe it! He's gone straight ever since he married me!"

"*Who has?*"

"Don't stare at me! I didn't mean that. I don't know what I'm saying."

"Where is he?"

The woman shook her head weakly.

"Mrs. Wheeler!"

"I—I don't know!"

"Then you *are* Mrs. Wheeler!" The man came closer to her. "He's here!"

"He's not!"

"He's in this house!"

"I tell you he is not. Whatever he may have been, do you think he would leave me here to endure this from you if he were within call?"

The man turned to the table and picked something up.

"You've been alone here for half an hour, you say. Then tell me—whose cigarette is this that has only just burnt out—*that is still warm*?"

"Mine," the woman gasped. "I put it down just before you came in."

"*You don't smoke!*" the man shouted.

The woman's hands fell to her side, shaking.

"I—oh, for God's sake look away! Stop talking! Stop talking to me! Stop *staring!*"

But the man in the bowler hat stared the more intently, as closer he came.

"Go away! Go away!" the woman screamed, and then, swinging round suddenly to the green door: "Henry!"

"Ha!" the man cried triumphantly. "So he *is* there!"

"No!" sobbed the woman. "No, I tell you."

The light from the table lamp flashed now on something the man held in his hand.

"Stand away from that door!"

"I won't! Go back! Go back!"

"I'll shoot my way through if you don't."

"Oh God!" The woman ran her trembling fingers through her thick black hair, turned away from the door, turned back again, flung out a hand as though in protection. "Henry! Don't come out!" And to the man: "For God's sake put that thing down! You shan't touch him! You shan't!"

The man in the bowler hat, laughing wildly, gripped her by the wrist and dragged her away from the green door.

"No, no! Oh, God! Henry!" she cried.

"Got him!" shouted the man, and flinging her aside he pushed open the wide green door and went through.

A second passed. Then the woman moved swiftly to the wide green door, closed it, turned a key in the lock, carried the key away and opened the little door across the room.

"Henry!" she said softly.

From out a little dark room came Henry Wheeler, quick of eye and jerky of movement, immaculate, deathly pale.

"Where is he?" he asked nervously.

The woman dropped the key on the table.

"In there," she said lifelessly, nodding towards the wide green door. "Locked in."

"However did you manage——"

"Never mind that now. In three minutes he'll find you're not upstairs—not in the house. He'll come back. He'll shoot the lock. You haven't got long."

"All right," said Henry Wheeler. "Come on."

"I shall stay here, Henry," said the woman.

"What do you mean?"

She faced him, looked up at him.

"Look at me, Henry," she said.

He looked at her.

"I mean," she said in flat, dead tones, "a man named Carlish at Bristol."

Henry Wheeler started, glanced at the wide green door, backed away.

"So it's true!" she said.

"We've got to get away together," he insisted.

She shook her head, and he seized her by the wrist.

"You're coming with me!"

"Never again, Henry, never again!"

"Do you hear me?" he cried hoarsely.

"I hear you, Henry," said the woman. "And not only now. I hear all the words you have spoken to me in the last five years. The hopeful words, the brave words, the dear words, that were all—lies. . . . I knew what you had been when you came to me, Henry; but you told me the past was dead then, that I had killed it for you. Even my influence over you was a lie. All our life together just deceit—our fun, our plans for the years to come. You told me to-night, when you saw those men out there, that they had come back from *your* past, from that time, five years ago, before I knew you. They've come back from *our* past. I trusted you, and it's come to this."

"Please." Henry Wheeler gripped his wife's elbows, ready to plead as he had pleaded long ago.

But she freed his hands, looked at them, dropped them.

"The hands that killed a man," she said.

"And yet—you helped me, just now."

"You gave me," she said, "for a little while, my fool's paradise. Shall I refuse you, in return, a chance? I cared for you. God knows I cared for you. Do you think I could see you—dead—before my eyes?"

"If—if I got through to-night—and we—came together again—and I promised——"

"You promised a thousand things, five years ago," she said.

"It's all over?"

"It's all over, Henry."

"I see." He moved to the outer door, stopped and looked back at her. "Good-bye," he said.

"Wait!" She crossed the little room to the table. "That other man is still outside. He'll see you in the light the moment you open the door." She put her hand to the lamp and turned out the light.

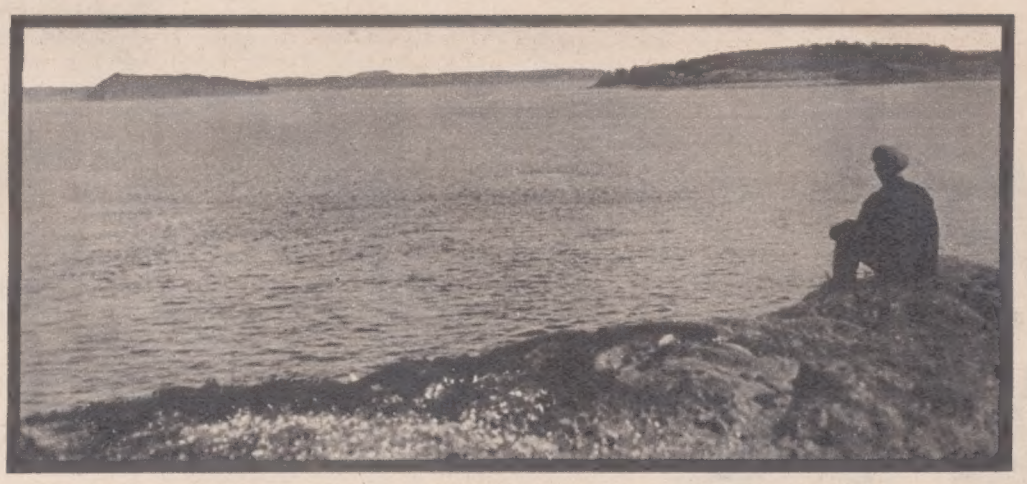
"Thank you," said Henry Wheeler.

The door opened and closed. He was gone.

A few swift seconds passed.

The sound of a shot echoed across the marshes.

News of Progress



by A. P. Luscombe Whyte

Into this Bay of Fundy race the great tides which are yielding up 200,000 of their horse power.

THE TAMING OF THE TIDES

IN the spring of 1919 a young American engineer named Cooper was recuperating from a dangerous illness on a small, peaceful island in the Bay of Fundy. He spent much of his time poring over scientific periodicals, or idly watching the giant tides which swirled up the narrow passage between his house and the mainland.

One morning he opened a paper, and read: "By A.D. 2000 at the latest our supplies of petroleum will be exhausted. Coal and wood may serve us a brief time longer. But, as certainly as night follows day, our earth will soon find itself scoured clean of the fuels which make civilised life possible. Unless, by then, we have found means to tap the inexhaustible resources of nature. . . ."

Young Cooper dropped the magazine, gazed for a moment at the water roaring in from the sea, and then hobbled into the house.

The rest of the day he spent at his desk, poring over tables, calculations and text books. All through the night he worked, scribbling and thinking, adding, weaving formulæ.

The next morning, drugged with coffee and weariness, he went to the telephone and called up his brother. "Come over, Hugh!" he urged, "I've got it! We're going to do the biggest job since the Panama was dug. We're going to tame the sea. . . ."

Perhaps that is not a word-for-word account of what really happened to hydro-electric engineer Dexter P. Cooper when, worn out with the fever he had caught in South America, he spent a season recuperating on Campobello Island, Maine. But it is close enough to the truth to serve as a guide to the historian of the future.

On it he will base his account of how the world of the 1930's suddenly tired of its profligate squandering of capital, and decided to live instead on interest. Of how man harnessed the sea to drive his machines. . . .

To-day, in the Bay of Fundy, thousands of men are at work. For three years, 14,000 labourers and hundreds of engineers will be toiling, throwing five great dams between the little islands which struggle across the inner basin; welding billions of tons of earth, stone, and concrete into strong arms which will hold back the force of the ocean; taming the waves with slide-rule and steam shovel, and wresting from them the force of 200,000 horses.

By 1938 young Cooper's dream will have been realised. The world's first real attempt to transform the wanton force of the waves into purring, domesticated electric power, will have been completed.

A few weeks ago President Roosevelt signed his approval of the construction of a vast tidal-electric station in the Bay of Fundy. With his signature he crowned the efforts of all those long-dead pioneers who for hundreds of years have striven, with pathetic paddle wheels and floats, to harness the power they knew was theirs to grasp. His signature may well usher in a new era for man, when the tides, the sun and the winds will provide him with willing slaves for ever more.

The Bay of Fundy is in Maine, and lies between Canada and the United States. It embraces several inner Bays, including Passamoquoddy Bay and Cobscook Basin. Into them, twice a day, swirls the highest tide in all America, lifting and dropping their little fishing boats through 25 feet or more. Billions of tons of water rushing back and forth four times a day. . .

The tidal bore runs up the River Severn—but the Severn Barrage "still exists in plan form only."

The dream young Cooper had was this:—

The inner section of the Bay is a great, almost enclosed, sheet of water called Cobscook Basin. Only a comparatively narrow mouth, dotted with small islands, connects it with the outer bay and the sea. That mouth could be closed by a string of dams, crossing from island to island. In one of these dams could be placed a generating station, with batteries of water-power dynamos.

As the tide came in, the wholly enclosed waters of the Basin would remain at a constant level, while outside the dams the sea level would mount twenty feet or more higher. Now—open the inlets in the dams. Millions of tons of water would swirl through, anxious to reach the lower level, hardly noticing the blades of the generators which they spun in their passage.

Twice a day, for hours on end, the rising tide would drive the roaring dynamos, sending current pouring all over the State. Twice a day, at ebb tide, the machine rooms would be silent, while the water pent up in the Basin was allowed to flow back freely through great sluices into the sea.

That was young Cooper's dream. For many years he worked on it. He surveyed the coast-line for hundreds of miles. He took thousands of samples of the sea bottom. He built scale models of the bay, and of dozens of different dams, and subjected them to the conditions their big brothers would have to withstand in real life. After five years of intensive research he set about forming a company.

Finally details were settled, all plans drawn up, and a company was about to be formed. Then once again the Coopers opened a paper on Campobello Island. But this time its headlines screamed blackly of panic in Wall-street and ruin in world-markets. The depression had come to kill any chance of raising money for such a project.

Now, sixteen years after the idea first came to Cooper, the scheme is to see the light of steel and concrete.

Over £7,000,000 is to be spent on the Fundy Bay job. Its sponsors say that it will be worth many times that amount to the State of Maine, that it will revive industry and swell population. What it will mean to the world they do not attempt to calculate, though they know that its success will set every sea-girt country anxiously surveying its coasts in search of sites for tidal power-stations.

Fundy Bay is, of course, an ideal choice for such a venture. It has an excellently placed "reservoir" in Cobscook Basin. It is not outstandingly hard to dam. And it has very high tides.

Using the latest water generators, engineers state, even a "head" of five feet of water is sufficient to generate economic current. In practice, then, the sluices which allow water to pass into the inner basin will be closed at low tide when the waters inside and out are level. As the tide rises, the water outside will rise higher than that imprisoned behind the dams. When it is five feet higher it will be allowed to flow through the generators.

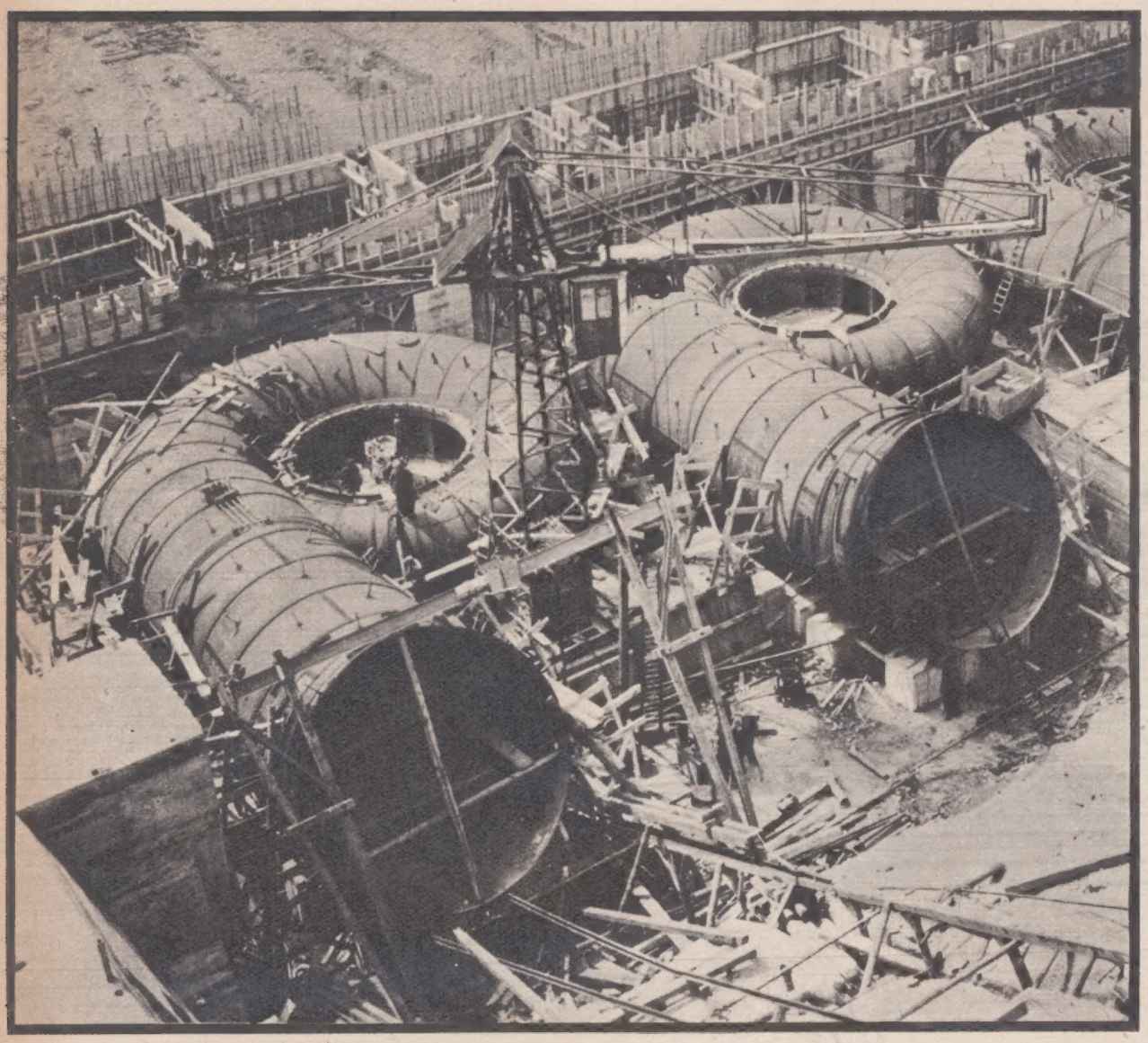
For seven hours the dynamos will hum, while the tide climbs its full twenty-five feet, and sinks back again. When it is once more only five feet above the water inside, the machines will be cut out. For two seven-hour "shifts" each day the dynamos will turn out a steady 200,000 h.p. of electricity.

So large is Cobscook Basin that the vast inpouring of water will raise its level only two-and-a-half feet. At low tide, big sluices will be opened, and this water will rush back into the sea at the rate of 500,000 cubic feet every second.

Unfortunately these "shifts" cannot be fixed, but will vary in time with the tide. On some days they will coincide with the "peak" demands for electricity. The station will then be able to pour its stream straight into the life-blood of home and industry. But when the tides rise at inconvenient times, the station's vast flood of power will either be unwanted by consumers, or the dynamos will be silent when current is urgently needed.

Electric power cannot be stored in large quantities. To make accumulators to hold such a force would cost tens of millions, to house them, miles of land would be required. How, then, to transform an intermittent supply of current into an ever-ready reserve of power which can be tapped or stored at will?

Here is the whole problem which faces engineers



Like vast snails—the turbines which harness the River Shannon in Ireland.

who would tame the seas. And in the answer found by the Fundy Bay experts is the solution which will make such schemes possible all over the world.

Electric power cannot be stored. *But water power can.* Water, stored high above sea-level, is hoarded power. It can be kept as long as desired, but, when sudden energy is necessary, the pipes can be opened and it will pour down to turn the generators below.

The Fundy Bay engineers, then, decided to change part of the electric energy obtained from the waves into stored water energy which could be turned back into electricity whenever it was wanted.

Fifteen miles away from the main dam they have planned a great 13,000-acre reservoir, perched nearly 150 feet above sea level. Beneath it they are building a big, two-purpose power-house. One half of it will contain pumps of 180,000 h.p. which will force sea water up to the reservoir. The other half will house high-pressure generators which will turn out current when the water is allowed to run down and through them.

High-tension cables will carry current to work the pumps from the original Fundy Bay generators. This current will cost little or nothing, for it will be used only when it is not in demand by the nation.

By using a secondary station, the designers have provided for a smooth flow of power either straight from the Fundy station or from the reservoir's generators.

On the success of the Fundy Bay scheme depends more than the immediate commercial future of Maine. That it will be a success is as certain as the brains of clever engineers and rock-hard financiers can make it. And that its example will be followed in every country which can boast of adequate tides is equally sure.

What of Britain, with its high tides and its heavily indented shores? Can we insure against the fast-approaching day when coal is exhausted and oil forgotten? Experts think we can.

The South and West coasts of England abound with deep bays, some of which could undoubtedly be dammed. To the East are great stretches of open marshland which, according to some authorities, could be separated by dykes into shallow compartments holding sufficient head of water to drive generators.

Several fairly thorough surveys of the tidal-power possibilities of Britain have been made. They vary considerably in their findings, but an annual figure of 10,000 million units of electricity seems to represent the maximum supply which our tides could possibly give us.

Electricity authorities have estimated that the nation's demand for electricity will reach about 13,000 million units in 1941, so that it certainly seems as though the sea could provide a very large proportion of our needs.

Many British schemes have been put up, and some companies floated, but so far, difficulties both financial and technical have prevented any large-scale development.

Most important of British tidal schemes is, of course, the Severn Barrage, first mooted about fifteen years ago, favourably reported on by the Government committee which considered it, but still existing in plan form only. If experts have their way work will soon start on the first stages of construction.

The Severn scheme would, in principle, take much the same form as will the Fundy Bay construction. A great dam across the estuary following approximately the line of the famous Severn Tunnel has been proposed. The "reach" above it would thus be transformed into a huge lake in which the level of the water could be artificially regulated.

The dam would hold big, low-pressure generators which could be made to work either when the high tide was flowing in or when the imprisoned water was flowing out at the ebb, or even at both times. But at the change of the tide, when no pressure of water existed on either side, the generators must come to a stop.

So the Severn Barrage engineers too have had to find a way to smooth out the flow of current. They have chosen a great reservoir 500 feet up above the Wye Valley. Into this water would be pumped through the use of surplus current from the primary barrage, and from here it would run at tremendous pressure, to turn a second set of turbines below whenever the primary generators were silent. It would store the equivalent of 17,000,000 units of electricity.

Naturally a reservoir set at such a height need not hold so much water as one placed lower, since the extra pressure of its water makes up for bulk, and smaller high-pressure turbines can do as much work as large low-pressure ones.

Every detail of the Severn Barrage has been worked out. The barrage itself, the engineers say, would produce about 2,207 million units a year, but a certain amount of this current would be wasted in pumping water up to the reservoir and then re-transforming it into electricity. Probably the actual amount which would be fed into the "Grid" would be about 1,610 million units a year. Enough current, that is, to supply 1,000 electric houses for 1,000 years! Or a million houses for a year.

Think for a moment of all that power going to waste in one place . . .

While reserves of coal still exist, it would be foolish to use water-power unless it turned out electricity more cheaply than steam. Experts say that the Severn Barrage would produce current at only two-thirds the cost of the conventional power-house. The capital charges of the scheme would be extremely high, but even they would be balanced by the saving on fuel which, in modern power-houses amounts to 1d. for every ten units. On coal alone the Barrage would save nearly £700,000 a year.

If the Barrage ever comes about (as I feel sure it will, even if we have to wait for the success of the American scheme to stimulate its construction), it will be on a far bigger and more costly scale than Fundy Bay. At the high spring tides, when the water level rises and falls fifty feet in the Severn mouth, the Barrage will be generating 700,000 h.p., compared with Maine's 200,000 h.p.

It will cost £38,000,000 compared with £7,000,000, and its construction will employ an average of 12,000 men for fifteen years. For once America will not be able to boast of the "biggest ever"!

The construction of such a vast dam is certain to bring about great changes in the bed and banks of the estuary. When the idea was first proposed local authorities demanded to know whether its construction would cause obstruction, silting up or danger to transport. The engineers set themselves to find out.

They invited Professor Arnold Gibson of Manchester University to build an exact model of the water-channel and of the various types of dam proposed, and to subject them to conditions which would correspond with those which full-sized dams would have to face.

The Professor built a fifty-foot long model. To test it he formed the channel-bed so that it followed the contours of the Severn as they were during the survey of 1849. Artificial tides were sent roaring up the model. The exact effects of the real tide over a period of seventy-eight years were reproduced by "laboratory tides" on the model in a fraction of the time. Then the altered contour of the model was compared with the latest contour charts of the Severn.

They were almost identical! The model had copied nature so efficiently that it could be used to show exactly the effects of the real Severn of any circumstances of tide.

Tests with many miniature Barrages were carried on over a period of five years. At the end of that time it was shown conclusively that the proposed barrage would not endanger the navigability of the Severn.

In all over £60,000 have been spent on preliminary tests and investigations.

It is doubtful if any other generator on a scale similar to that of the Severn Barrage could be built in Britain. The natural advantages of the site lift it far above other proposals. But it is certain that scores of smaller units could, and probably will, be brought into being.

Only one invention is necessary to start a rush for tidal power. The man who perfects an accumulator, or any other storage device, which will hold vast quantities of current in a small space, will soar to billionairedom in a few years. He will also change the face of the world.

One prophecy though is safe. During the next decade we shall see determined attempts to harness the thundering energy which batters at our coasts. One day we shall succeed. And then, when coal is at last released from an undignified funeral pyre on our hearths and in our furnaces, we shall set ourselves in earnest to extract the real chemical treasures which lie in our greatest mineral resource and most of which we now send up in smoke and soot from our chimneys.

SHORT SHORT STORY BY **C. Hedley Barker**

"Do you know," said George, "that the average man wastes a year of his life messing about with idiotic straps?"

No TIME Wasted

WHEN it became known that George Garth had been appointed to the job of efficiency expert at the Comet Motor Works at a salary of £1,500 a year, the people in his immediate circle sat up and took notice. One of the results of this was that Margaret Bridger's mother persuaded her to break it gently to Henry Deens that she could never regard him as other than a friend.

"I mean, dear," said her mother, "fifteen hundred pounds is fabulous. It's more by a good deal than your father's getting, and George is only twenty-eight."

"And what," asked Margaret's father, solemnly, "will George be getting at, say, thirty-eight? A director's salary, in all probability. The lad's got stuff in him."

"Of course," weighed in her mother, "we don't want to influence you against your better feelings, Margaret. Your father and I made a love match, and——"

You know the kind of thing. It leaves one with the option of doing exactly what one likes, with the knowledge that there will be loud wails of anguish if one does it. So Margaret didn't. As a matter of fact, though she brooded for a couple of days over sundry sentimental passages shared with Henry in the past, she had to admit that she was attracted by the prospect of purple and fine linen. The stuff that was in George had produced august results. Marriage with him would be the resounding success of the suburb.

Of course, Henry was a brick about it; she had known that he would be. A nice, comfortable old codger was Henry, who accepted things simply and as they were without fuss. Henry just said:

"Well, of course, it's hard cheese and all that. But if you really feel that way about it, old thing——"

Margaret said: "Bless you, Henry. I knew you wouldn't be difficult. And we can still be friends, can't we?"

"Oh, rather," was Henry's reply. "Er—sure you'll be happy with Garth?"

"Why, yes," said Margaret, "otherwise I shouldn't be marrying him, should I?"

Certainly there never was a better wedding from the point of view of organisation. Everything went like clockwork. George Garth wasn't an efficiency expert for nothing. He had a car from the firm who were doing the transport, and timed it over the distance from garage to house, and from house to church, a week beforehand. At the end of his deliberations he handed a detailed time-table to bride, bridesmaids, best man, and relatives on both sides, neatly typed, and headed: "Order of Nuptials." Margaret thought it was cute.

"Of course, George is awfully precise," explained the girl. "He's simply mad on efficiency."

He was. Efficiency was the burden of his theme in the honeymoon express.

"There's a right way and a wrong way of doing everything," he insisted. "It costs no more to do things the right way, and it saves a devil of a lot in the doing. Why, do you know that if I were to let my people at the works step over the margin—that is, alter the ratio of effect produced to energy expended—it would mean as much as a 5 per cent. drop in dividends?"

"Would it, darling?" cooed Margaret. "You must be awfully clever. *Isn't* the corn lovely?"

"Take corn, now," said George, with gleaming eyes. "That's another thing I'm going thoroughly into one of these days. With all their machinery, they're still prehistoric. The number of bushels of wheat per acre—hello!"

George's hawk-eye was on his watch, for the train was just pulling into a station.

"There you are," he crowed. "Three minutes late. Here's a railway company wasting it's own money and other people's time. It ought to be a criminal offence. Inefficiency's one of the worst crimes——"

"But George, dear," interrupted the wife of an hour or so, "does it matter to us if we're three hours late? This is our honeymoon."

A quarter of an hour after they arrived at the hotel, George was fresh from the bath. Efficiency. A place for everything and everything in its place. Margaret had laughed herself into tearful helplessness at the sight of George's bag. His apparatus for saving time was a marvel of complicated simplicity. At the touch of a button, his toilet accessories not only became visible in their containers, but moved severally into the position easiest for handling.

"Do you know," asked George, "that the average man wastes a year of his life messing about with idiotic straps? Shaving soap, tooth paste, brush—here they are, all ready for use in one motion, and not a strap in the whole outfit. These patent clips of mine open at a touch of the button, and close automatically when the soap or what-not is dropped into its compartment."

Their honeymoon lasted for a month. Margaret was wildly happy. In addition to the novel feeling of comparative wealth, her husband kept her continually entertained. Meeting Henry for the first time alone after they were back and settled in their new home, she was able to answer quite truthfully that she had enjoyed every moment of the preamble to her new life. Henry looked at her. There was a sort of wistful sadness in his eyes.

"You look well," he said, half grudgingly. "You always did look—nice, Margaret. And now you look better than ever, more beautiful than ever. Er—did you talk much?"

"We?" Margaret looked surprised.

"You, personally."

"What an odd question," said she.

"Well," persisted Henry, "*did* you?"

"Why?"

"I just wondered," said Henry, "what you talked about."

And at that Margaret was seized with laughter.

"It's too funny," she said, at last. "We talked about—about—*efficiency*!"

The Garth ménage soon became the envy and despair of all the housewives who had seen it functioning. It's fame penetrated beyond suburbia to the most distant parts of the Empire, for the *Daily Record* featured it as "A House That Runs Like Clockwork" in the Woman's Page. And the fact that it ran like clockwork was due to a text, which bore the stamp of George all over it:

STAFF ROUTINE

Rise	6 a.m.
Dress in "Garth" buttonless uniform.	
Efficient breathing	6.5 a.m.
Vacuum cleaning	6.10 a.m.

And so on, up to a total of twenty-six items.

Six months passed; a year. Henry took tea about once a fortnight with Margaret, on his half-day. The talk was generally about efficiency, for there was always some new development in connection with George's passion which Margaret had been saving up to tell Henry.

George's special way of putting on his patent pants, the lightning lace which George had invented for his shoes, the latest addition to the panel of buttons at the head of his bed. Whilst still between the sheets, he could turn on the bath water, boil his kettle, and light the fire in the dining-room.

They laughed about it. But Henry began to wonder if Margaret's laugh was the same laugh that he had heard twelve months ago.

Oh, yes, George could talk about literature, the drama, architecture, and painting; but he always talked about these things in relation to efficiency. He even turned the light of his awfully efficient mind on to Margaret's letter-writing (for she always showed him her letters).

"Too discursive, too redundant," he would say. "The amount of time wasted in letter-writing is appalling. This is the age of efficiency, Margaret. You could say all you've said here over a matter of four pages in ten words: Dear Uncle—health good, wealth moderate, prospects bright, spirits high—you see?"

He 'phoned her from the office one day, all excited about a new routine he had been working out for the house. "I estimate it'll add 10 per cent. to efficiency, and cut down costs by a shilling a day."

But when George arrived home at seven o'clock, all eager to communicate the details, he found a note on the table. Margaret had evidently taken his advice about letter-writing to heart. He read:

"Dear George:

Taxi arrived house	4.30 p.m.
Arrived station	5.10 p.m.
Started new routine with Henry	5.20 p.m.

Margaret."

MILLIONS *Under the Hammer*

Spitalfields Fruit auction —buyers, samples and auctioneers.

by W. J. PASSINGHAM

"FORTY-ONE ! Forty-two ! Forty-three ! Now come, gentlemen ! Forty-four ! That's better. Forty-five . . .? No."

Bang !

"To you, sir—at forty-four ! Now lot three hundred. What do I say? Thank you. Thirty-six ! Thirty-seven . . .? Thirty-seven ! Eh? Forty ! Forty, gentlemen ! What a day !"

With a twirl of his wrist, the auctioneer flings his small hammer high above his head, and catches it again with the skill of a juggler.

"Whoopee !" says a buyer sarcastically. "Forty-one."

On the oaken tiers of a spacious gallery sit the buyers,and anything more unlike traditional pictures of "rich merchants of London town" would be hard to find. They are not unlike a tired audience sitting in the gallery of a picture theatre, except that the atmosphere of the room is electrified by the brisk manner of the auctioneer and his juggling with the hammer.

All the auctioneers at the London Fruit Exchange, Spitalfields Market, seem able to juggle with their hammers, and can throw this instrument of their calling 10 feet above their heads and catch it again neatly when they have the slightest excuse for jubilation.

Some of the buyers wear hats, some wear caps, and some appear too hard up to wear anything. Yet the most unlikely-looking members of this queer audience in the gallery seem to buy the most, and spend large sums of money in the most casual fashion imaginable. Those who visit Spitalfields Market would do well to remember an ancient piece of advice, and "never judge a man by his overcoat." You may meet there a dowdy, unshaven individual wearing cap and "choker," who has a bank balance that many wearers of silk hats might envy.

Outside the London Fruit Exchange you will sometimes see the door of a splendid motor-car opened respectfully by a liveried chauffeur for a man who would not look out of place in a queue outside the Labour Exchange.

One of the world's largest and most modern buildings to be used exclusively for sales by auction is the London Fruit Exchange, opened in 1929 at a cost of £300,000 to handle bulk supplies of imported fruit and vegetables. Few people are aware that the annual value of fruit imported into Great Britain amounts to £50,000,000. The building stands on the south side of Spitalfields Market, and occupies a site of about one acre.

There are two auction rooms in the building, and when sales are in progress they present a scene unlike anything to be found elsewhere. The rooms are fitted out in oak, and provided with special artificial "daylight" illumination so that sales go on unhindered by darkness or foggy weather. Six firms of fruit brokers operate on the Exchange, and sell in rotation. Each auctioneer is allotted a period of thirty minutes' selling-time.

Fastidious "Woollies"

Then there is the Wool Exchange. While Bradford is the capital of the wool industry, London is the world's greatest wool market. In 1875 the premises in Coleman Street known as the Wool Exchange were acquired, and have since become the recognised central market for raw wool from Australia, New Zealand and the Falkland Islands. Auction sales are held in Coleman Street six times a year, each series of sales beginning on a Tuesday and lasting from two to three weeks. A few days before sales are due to begin, buyers inspect and value the consignments in various warehouses—40 acres in extent—at the London and St. Katherine Docks.

Each warehouse is designed and built to suit the fastidious tastes of wool buyers. Every window in the roof faces due north, for the experts declare that wool cannot be judged for quality under any other conditions than in a natural light from the north. Sunshine, strangely enough, is as great an enemy to the keen eyesight of wool buyers as artificial light.

Hour after hour the wool experts wander among acres of showrooms, tearing out quantities of wool from bulging bales. These men can tell at a glance the type and quality of any particular consignment of wool. They know whether it comes from a flock of sheep which has been well fed, or from animals in parts of the country where food has been scarce. One important factor in judging the value is the quantity of grease in wool. When extracted from the wool the grease forms a valuable basis for pomades and face-creams.

Each morning while sales are in progress as many as 11,000 to 12,000 bales of wool are on show at the London warehouses. The auction sales take place in a large room with a seating capacity for about 400 people.

It resembles a large lecture hall built around a sunken platform. Tiers of seats slope upward from the rostrum, and the auctioneer faces an audience of the keenest buyers in the world. From three o'clock in the afternoon, when bidding begins, the "floor" presents an amazing scene. Buyers of many nationalities, from the hard, gutteral north to the softly-spoken, lisping south, join in a babel of tongues that would utterly confuse anyone unacquainted with the wool industry.

Bids are made and accepted with a rapidity unequalled anywhere else, and in a fashion unknown except to wool merchants. A nod, grimace or gesture will buy merchandise probably worth a thousand pounds. If it were not for the fact that these auctioneers know almost all the big buyers by sight, it would be possible for an outsider to become the unconscious owner of several bales of raw wool merely by the too frequent use of his handkerchief.

If the buyers are quick and keen, however, the auctioneer is even quicker. He has to deal with large numbers of foreign buyers, mainly French, Swiss, Germans, Dutch and Belgians, with a sprinkling of Americans. Despite the confusion, gesticula-

(*Continued on page* 13)

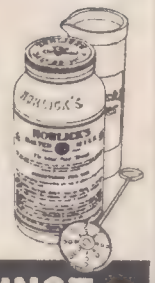
The contract meant a lot to us—

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MY FAULT IF WE'D LOST IT

Are you letting chances slip?

It's hard when opportunities occur and you feel you haven't the energy to profit by them. It's even harder when you feel a failure, because you're not fit. Most likely you're really using up more energy by day than sleep can replace. If you wake tired and slack, it means Nature's repair work is only half done: "Night-Starvation," in fact.

Take Horlick's at bedtime; it will give you a reserve of energy and make your sleep effective. It's delicious, and economical; just add water — hot or cold, the milk is in it. Prices from 2/-. Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.



HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

She Radiates Happiness

Everyone likes the radiantly happy person. It is the high-road to success —socially and in business. Yet—it is usually only constipation that makes people look and feel miserable.

Get regular, daily habits and you'll soon look as happy as you feel. Buy a packet of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN to-day and eat two tablespoonfuls every day. In chronic cases, with each meal. That will soon get you into good habits because it contains the "bulk" to exercise intestines.

ALL-BRAN is a delicious cereal food —unlike nasty, harmful laxatives. No cooking required. Just serve with cold milk or cream. All grocers sell it.

7½ D Per Packet

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve CONSTIPATION

continuing MILLIONS *Under the Hammer*

tions and excitement around him, the presiding broker makes his decisions with uncanny precision and accuracy to the highest bidder.

There are no women present on the "floor" of the Wool Exchange. The pace is too fast and too strenuous for all except those thoroughly grounded in the mysteries of the wool trade.

It calls for a lifetime of experience to be an efficient auctioneer at the wool sales, for it is not unusual to dispose of 200 lots in one hour. If the reserve price, where one is fixed, is not reached, the particular "lot" is either put aside until the next series of sales or sold afterwards by private treaty.

Bidding continues throughout the day until the 11,000 to 12,000 bales on view that morning are sold.

More sales by auction take place in Mincing Lane than in any other thoroughfare in Great Britain, and what transpires in the huge building known in every distant corner of the earth as the London Commercial Sale Rooms affects every country in the world. This is the Mother of Markets, where almost all the important commodities and raw materials necessary to modern civilisation are sold by auction.

These auction sales, at which one may hear ten languages spoken in as many seconds, are in each case governed by a precedent and procedure that amounts almost to a ritual—centuries old and of fascinating interest.

Drawing Lots

One of the most important activities in Mincing Lane and its immediate neighbourhood is the tea market, and auction sales are held during every week of the year at the London Commercial Sale Rooms—except those weeks in which Bank Holidays intervene. There are some sixteen firms of tea-brokers in the London market, and before sales begin lots are drawn to decide upon the order in which each auctioneer shall occupy the rostrum.

This drawing of lots is carried out in various ways in different trades, but usually takes the form of following on from the order of the previous day's selling. Thus the first broker to occupy the rostrum on Monday will be the last one on Tuesday, and so on. Sometimes lots are drawn from a sheaf of papers of varying lengths, or by drawing folded papers from a box.

When tea sales are in progress the auction room is not unlike an old-fashioned schoolroom, where the buyers sit like good boys on tiers of seats one below the other and facing the auctioneer, who himself waves his hammer like a schoolmaster striving to impress his pupils. When business begins, however, this illusion is quickly destroyed; for bids are rapped out in staccato precision from all parts of the room.

Sometimes as many as 200 "breaks" are sold in an hour, and, since each "break" represents about 30 chests, this amounts to a total of 6,000 chests of tea. Now a chest of best tea is roughly 100 lb. weight, and this means that during the course of a single hour approximately 144,000,000 cups of tea are sold by auction in Mincing Lane. The amount of money that changes hands in one hour can be ascertained by fixing the average price of a chest of Indian tea at, say, £8—which gives a total of £48,000.

As soon as one firm of brokers has finished selling, the rostrum is occupied by the next firm on the list, and so on until the day's business is ended. Tea sold at these Mincing Lane auction sales varies in value between £500,000 and £750,000 weekly.

Other commodities sold by auction in the London Commercial Sale Rooms include sugar, coffee, cocoa, spices, drugs, copra, hemp, jute, shellac, curios, hides and skins, ivory, and shell. The volume of business transacted in this building is difficult to estimate because the vast number of transactions which take place there during the course of a year are not recorded by a central bureau and included in one amount to represent the gross value.

There are, of course, statistics from the Customs Clearing House to show the amount of produce imported into London, and what is sold in Mincing Lane amounts roughly to no less than £100,000,000 yearly.

But this figure represents only a small proportion of the business transactions, for goods may be sold and re-sold frequently before they reach the actual consumer. Indeed, thousands of tons of produce are sold in Mincing Lane which never reach this country at all. Thus, at a conservative estimate, the aggregate of all the Mincing Lane merchants and brokers must exceed £1,000,000,000 sterling yearly!

With such a vast amount of business year in and year out it is inevitable that disputes must arise between buyers and sellers, and that there are arbitration courts held in London for settling these problems is not so surprising.

But merchants and brokers of other nations frequently bring their commercial disputes before a court of arbitration in London, and thus pay a striking tribute to the integrity of British business men. The London Rubber Association, for example, is recognised the world over as arbitrator in all international disputes between members of the industry.

In most cases, the Mincing Lane auction sales represent world central markets for the commodity concerned, and the prices that obtain there are accepted as standard throughout the British Empire, Europe and America. While sales for raw commodities such as cotton and wool are held in Liverpool and other important British centres, the ruling prices are quoted from Mincing Lane.

From an onlooker's point of view, the auction sales of timber—held at various docks, quays and wharves of the Port of London Authority—are most interesting. Imagine yourself standing at the dockside, surrounded by huge stacks of timber, hundreds of feet high, and of all shapes and sizes.

How does a buyer find just what he wants from the mighty piles around him? Now listen to the auctioneer for a moment, and he'll tell you :—

"Ex *Clyne Rock*, at Onega!" he bawls. "Centre Yard 'H' to 'J' Sheds, and all under cover, gentlemen! Lot one hundred and fifty-three, and a very fine parcel. There are thirty-five 20 to 24 feet, fifty-one 19 to 17 feet, sixty-two 16 to 15 feet, and fifty-four 14 to 12 feet. All three by nine-inch Yellow, at per 'P.S.H.' as usual. What do I say, gentlemen?"

What would you say?

It requires long experience in the timber trade to appreciate what is being offered at a timber auction. What the auctioneer wishes to tell his audience in this case is that at Centre Yard, in Sheds H to J, and brought to London from the port of Onega by the steamer *Clyne Rock*, is to be found Lot 153 consisting of 35 battens 20 to 24 feet in length, 9 inches wide and 3 inches thick, etc. The material is yellow pine, and P.S.H. stands for "Petersburg Standard Hundred," a wood measurement equivalent to 165 cubic feet.

Timber may be divided into two main descriptions called softwood and hardwood, and the fixed unit of wood sizes for marketing purposes is the "standard," which is equivalent to 165 cubic feet—or 2½ tons weight. There are other technical terms such as "battens," "boards," "scantlings," "staves," "laths," "ends," and so on, but they have a significance only for dealers and timber auctioneers.

To the average layman the task of sorting a mighty stack of timber into the various lengths, marks, and sizes ready for an auction sale would seem an impossible one. The enormity of the task is shown in some detail by one concrete example taken from the cargo of the steamer *Gunvall*.

A look at a Log

This vessel brought to London from a Swedish port 48,471 "pieces" consisting of deals, battens, and boards, in 279 "parcels." There were 107 different "sizes" (widths and thicknesses) and the whole lot of 552 standards (approximately 1,400 tons) was made into 704 piles. This cargo was discharged in seven days, and when the last board was brought ashore it became the responsibility of the Port of London Authority to handle the huge stack of timber.

Deal-porters came along, and in twenty-three hours they shifted nearly 250,000 planks to a position some distance from the quay where the auction sales are held. They were guided in their work by information shown on what is called a merchant's specification—a marvellously intricate document handed to the Port Authority's representative when the cargo is put ashore by the stevedores.

This specification indicates every detail of marks and sizes, and the number of pieces bearing each respective mark. The deal-porters who handle planks in this manner have to be specialists in their own business. Sometimes they have to travel along an avenue between piles of timber at a height of ten to twelve feet from the ground, and with but a single board for their feet to rest upon.

When hardwood is put up for sale by auction it has to be inspected by trade measurers who are expert in recognising points of value in grain and texture. The trade measuring system allows for "splits, shakes, and other defects." and is designed for the benefit of buyers. When it is measured the log is taken away for piling, and the piles consist in this case of twin tiers of three and four logs high.

In some cases single logs, called "out" logs, are lotted for sale, and the distinction is usually on account of the grain or texture being above the average of the shipment. The isolated log is laid out on a gangway where the experts can make a special examination and measurement, and it is in these cases where great bargains are sometimes made.

There is a great art in "spotting" curls or fans in a log, and a certain amount of imagination as well as knowledge is needed to guess at the feetage and quality of the valuable veneers a curl is likely to yield. A record price was paid by one connoisseur of twenty-seven shillings a foot super (12 inches by 12 inches by 1 inch) at the London docks about three years ago.

At Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, E.C., is the world's central fur market. To England comes the bulk of raw skins from Canada and Siberia, and although London's position has been challenged by other centres of the fur trade—particularly by Leipzig—Beaver House is still the premier fur market of the world. Here auction sales are held in January, April, and October, and each series of sales may last from four to six weeks according to the amount of skins imported.

Large quantities of skins change hands and selling is sometimes at the rate of over 100 lots per hour. About £8,000,000 worth of skins are sold by auction in London during the three series of sales.

Fur sales to-day are remarkable for their orderliness and lack of excitement, and present a striking contrast to those of early times in the Hudson Bay Company when there were "sales by candle." These latter were sales in which bids were accepted only while a candle, lighted by the auctioneer, was burning down for the space of an inch.

They used to fight

The days when buyers jostled and sometimes fought each other in bidding for a particular lot are within living memory. Sometimes it is the colour and size of one particular skin, rather than its real market value, which causes brisk bidding. While the market value of a particular skin may be only £1, that one piece of fur is required to match many others of similar colour and marking to complete an order for a valuable coat.

Buyers of furs often have to travel hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles before they can obtain a small skin to match others in the making of a valuable coat. Many rich women will pay enormous prices for a perfect fur coat. The woman may live as far away as Australia or America, yet the furrier can only match his skins in London and perhaps the one skin required costs only a few pounds.

But the cost of obtaining the skin may amount, including fares and profit charges, to £200.

Thus a fur auction sale is a scene of continual rivalry between buyers intent on the same articles. A man will haunt a sale room for a week simply because there happens to be one skin in a small bundle which will complete a new or damaged coat. There is disillusionment awaiting people who imagine that their coats are always trimmed with new fur.

Many fur coats are made entirely of second-hand skins, bought at odd times by a dealer who suddenly finds he has accumulated sufficient "matched" oddments at various minor auction sales.

Every class of fur is offered for sale at Beaver House, with the possible exception of "protected" furs such as chinchilla. Many fur-bearing animals have now to be carefully guarded from the trappers to avoid their being wiped out entirely. A few years ago, for example, the Peruvian Government announced a "close season" for the chinchilla, and, although a few skins still trickle through to the London market, there is no general demand because of the high prices paid for these rare skins.

The result of the "close season" for chinchilla may be seen in the quantities of furs offered by auction in London during 1933. There were 259 chinchilla skins compared with 3,923,820 musquash skins, 3,732,978 American opossum skins, 1,356,119 ermine skins, 2,635,507 skunk skins, and 2,091,896 squirrel skins.

CADBURY'S

REDUCED PRICE

NUT MILK

2 2D

2OZ.

QUALITY UNCHANGED

Good news! Cadbury's Nut Milk Chocolate is reduced in price. You can now buy 2 oz. of this delicious chocolate for 2d. It is a bargain you'll agree! Of course the quality is unchanged. It is the famous Cadbury's Milk Chocolate with crisp and nutritious Hazelnuts

---

A WEALTH OF COMFORT

that everyone can afford

10/- *with order*

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

Fully Patented No. 414464.

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed casters. *Sold under our usual guarantee of money-back if not satisfied within seven days.* **DELIVERED FREE in England, Wales and Scotland.**

IN B QUALITY COVERING

CASH PRICE 67/6

or 70/-:—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £5 : 12 : 6

H. J. SEARLE & SON,
(Dept. P.S.) LTD.
70-76, OLD KENT RD., LONDON, S.E.1.
West End Showrooms:
133, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1.
Branches: 83-87, London Rd., Croydon; The Parade, High Street, Watford; 149, Becontree Avenue, Dagenham; 85, New Street, Birmingham; 71, Deansgate, Manchester; 12, Poole Hill, Bournemouth.

THERE is no need to pay a lot of money to get a lot of comfort into your home! **The New Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair** gives you the most perfect comfort you could desire—deep, luxurious upholstery, inviting softness *and* a patented automatic action that lets you change from upright to resting or lounging positions without making adjustment or leaving the chair. It suits everyone—tall or short. Yet look at the price—low enough to suit any pocket! Out of all proportion to the wonderful comfort and quality—but that's the famous unbeatable Berkeley VALUE!

THE *New Berkeley* SUPERLAX

COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

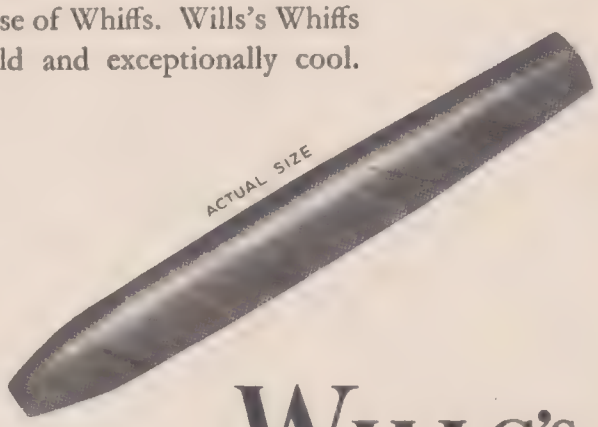
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Passing Show _____

At week-ends

A man can't *help* feeling glad at the week-end. Home to dinner on Saturday, with a quiet afternoon—and (the final luxury) a case of Whiffs. Wills's Whiffs—quite mild and exceptionally cool.



WILLS'S WHIFFS

3 for 6° 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

W.W.16.

"The Kilt . . . is a symbol of Scotland's national spirit."

The Truth about the KILT

by Robert Jamieson

WITH the skirl of the bagpipes and the swing of their kilts, a Scottish regiment marches through London; the crowds stare, their eyes riveted to the soldiers who wear "skirts." On the North-West Frontier of India, guarding the Khyber Pass, another Scottish regiment provokes exclamations of approval from the hillmen of Afghanistan who marvel at the wonderful hues of the kilts. Wherever you find a kilted soldier, his kilt is the centre of attraction.

But the kilt is not merely a military uniform; indeed, it has only been worn by soldiers since the famous Black Watch was formed in 1729, while its origins are lost in the obscurity of early Scottish history. It is the national dress of Scotland and is even now in daily use by many Scotsmen.

◆ ◆ ◆

The "type" of dress to which the kilt belongs seems to have been worn by men of many early communities—especially warlike people who inhabited hilly country. But only in Scotland did it develop into the magnificent garment it now is.

Before the eleventh century there is practically no *written* record of its existence, but we have a carving of a kilted Highlander with a purse or sporan which dates from the seventh century. In 1093 Magnus Barefoot introduced the kilt into Norway after his expedition through the Hebrides.

It seems, too, that in those days the lower classes wore the tartan kilt, while the chieftains wore more elaborate and highly coloured dresses.

The beginning of the seventeenth century brings more detailed knowledge of what the kilt was like. By that time it had assumed two distinct forms. The first went by the name of the breacan-feile, or belted plaid. It consisted of one long length of tartan—about 12 ells—part of which was plaited round the lower part of the body and fastened with a belt, the rest of it being fastened to the shoulder with a brooch and falling down the back. This loose piece of tartan could either be thrown over the shoulders in stormy weather or used as a blanket when its wearer had to sleep out on the hills.

Wearing this breacan-feile was not quite so simple as it seems; great care was taken to see that in the plaiting of the lower part, the "sett" of the tartan, that is, the square design—was retained after plaiting. As the whole thing was entirely unsewn, this meant a delicate operation every time it was worn.

The second form of the kilt in the seventeenth century was the feileadh-beag, or little kilt, which was very like the present-day kilt. It consisted of about six ells of tartan plaited at the back with the plaits sewn at the top, and two aprons in front which passed over one another and were fastened with a pin. It had no plaid attached to it.

But hard times were at hand for those who wore the kilt or, indeed, anything made of tartan.

It had become the universal dress in the Highlands; chieftains and common people alike wore the kilt. Nearly every glen could clothe itself. The wool came from the sheep on the hillside, the yarn was spun on the old type of spinning-wheel, and every farmer's wife could dye it blue, green, yellow, or black from the vegetable dyes she got from wild plants.

The traditional designs were carefully recorded on sticks and from these the people with hand looms wove the cloth. The blacksmith was adept at forging the weapons the clansmen carried as well as the ornaments they wore on their dress.

And that very self-sufficiency made the blow that was to come the harder. After the rebellion of the '45 (1745) the Hanoverians proscribed the wearing of the kilt or tartan of any kind in the Highlands. They feared that the clansmen might break out in revolt again if their spirit were not broken and this is how they tried to do it. The penalty was six months' imprisonment for the first offence and transportation for the second.

Sentiment might have urged those sturdy men to defy such a tyrannous law, but a far more cogent reason made it impossible for many of them to comply with it. *They none of them knew how to make any other kind of clothes and trade was not then so developed that they could buy them even if they could afford to do so.*

In time the law came to be enforced with such rigour that the troops had orders to shoot on the spot any found wearing the Highland garb! Many were shot because they had no other clothes to wear.

It is indeed surprising that the kilt or tartan managed to survive.

By the time this regulation began to be relaxed, in 1757, the older members of the '45 generation had passed away; the younger men had become accustomed to other dress; many of the old tartans had been forgotten and their designs lost; few knew how to make a kilt, or wear it.

As the universal dress of the Highlands the kilt was dead and only for more occasional wear and in the army was it kept alive. The Highland Society of London, formed in 1778, encouraged its wear and were instrumental in having the Act proscribing its wear repealed in 1782.

Its use on ceremonial and certain other occasions soon revived after this time, but the more elaborate belted plaid was never again favoured, the feileadh-beag (or little kilt) becoming popular and known simply as the kilt.

You cannot go into a shop and select a "nice" tartan for your kilt. You have your own tartan, and only that; or the Stewart or Caledonia, may you wear, whether any of them be to your liking or not. My own tartan is two shades of darkish green with a single scarlet strip. I would much prefer a scarlet tartan with black strips, but I just can't have it.

Originally, the different tartans—or, rather, the number of colours in the tartans—indicated the status of its wearer and it was only in the twelfth century when the clan system was being evolved that they came to indicate the clan or district to which a man belonged.

For each clan there might be several different setts—one, the chief's sett worn by himself and his family alone; two, the clan sett, worn by all members of the clan; three, a hunting sett, usually of a dark green, was sometimes found where the clan sett was of a brilliant colour; and, lastly, a mourning sett.

But most of the tartans were lost during the proscription, and it is impossible to say how many of the present tartans date beyond that period. Certainly, we no longer have the mourning sett, and I do not think any of the present chieftains wear the chief's sett. There is now, as a rule, only the clan and the hunting setts.

Tradition, too, has been departed from in the dyeing of the wool for weaving the tartan; the original vegetable dyes gathered from the hillsides have been displaced by the more brilliant mineral dyes now so readily obtainable.

Nor are there many handloom weavers left. In the West of Scotland almost a whole village, Kilbarchan, is engaged in the handloom weaving of tartan and one or two other places do this work, but much tartan—certainly all the army tartan—is woven in the tweed factories of the South of Scotland.

And the art of kilt-making seems to be dying out. To make a good kilt needs a man apprenticed to it as a boy, and there seem to be no apprentice kilt-makers now. The firms who specialise in kilt-making do not know where they will get men to replace those they now have. Most of the new men so far have come from the army, where they have been trained in kilt-making, but that supply, too, seems to be running short.

I could well believe that the craft had to be learned at an early age when I saw kilts in the making. There is no cutting to be done; a kilt is made from a straight piece of cloth. Yet it must be perfectly modelled to the shape of the person who will wear it. This is done entirely in the plaiting, which is carried down the entire length of the kilt from the waist down.

Between the waist and the seat, however, each plait is varied just a little, and by these little variations the workman skilfully moulds the kilt to the figure he has to fit.

Almost the whole art of kilt-making is concentrated in this process of plaiting. Not only does the fit depend on the accurate measurement of each plait, but the correct "hang" of the kilt demands plaits of considerable depth and number.

Highland dress is a grand dress and inspires all young Scotsmen, but do they wear it? And who does, outside the army and the Rover Scouts?

The truth is that in no part of Scotland is it recognised as the everyday dress of ordinary people, not even in the Highlands themselves. There, it is worn by the keepers who are employed by wealthy landlords and by a few of the younger generation. One or two of the more fervent Scots of all ages wear it, and many Scots Nationalists wear it every day almost as part of their creed.

In the evening it receives greater favour, for there are many smart functions in Scotland and London where nothing else will be seen, and at all the meetings of exiled Scots throughout the world it will be largely in evidence.

Then at the Scottish Universities many students wear the kilt for the same reason as it is becoming so popular with hikers—it is eminently practical in spite of its smartness. Indeed, the number of hikers who find that it is the most comfortable dress for heavy climbing over hills and through bogs demonstrates that.

No, the kilt is not likely to die; it is a symbol of Scotland's national spirit which is, if anything, stronger than ever. But I am afraid convention has sneaked in far enough to prevent its ever again becoming the universal everyday dress it once was.

This amusing story, by the author of "Lady for a Day" and other successful films, is written in the idiom of New York's East End, where the mixed and semi-foreign population uses the present tense to describe past events.

"Behind her is a guy I can see at once is a doctor."

Long Complete Story by DAMON RUNYON

ILLUSTRATED BY COLLER

ONE day a certain party by the name of Judge Goldfobber, who is a lawyer by trade, sends word to me that he wishes me to call on him at his office in Lower Broadway, and while ordinarily I do not care for any part of lawyers, it happens that Judge Goldfobber is a friend of mine, so I go to see him.

Of course, Judge Goldfobber is not a judge, and never is a judge, and he is 100 to 1 in my line against ever being a judge, but he is called Judge because it pleases him, and everybody always wishes to please Judge Goldfobber, as he is one of the surest-footed lawyers in this town, and beats more tough guys for different citizens than seems possible. He is a wonderful hand for keeping citizens from getting behind bars, and better than Houdini when it comes to getting them out after they are in.

Personally, I never have any use for the professional services of Judge Goldfobber, as I am a law-abiding citizen at all times, and am greatly opposed to guys who violate the law, but I know the Judge from around and about for many years.

Well, when I call on Judge Goldfobber, he takes me into his private office and wishes to know if I can think of a couple of deserving guys who are out of employment, and who will like a job of work, and if so, Judge Goldfobber says, he can offer them a first-class position.

"Of course," Judge Goldfobber says, "it is not steady employment, and in fact it is nothing but piece work, but the parties must be extremely reliable parties, who can be depended on in a pinch. This is out-of-town work that requires tact, and," he says, "some nerve."

Well, I am about to tell Judge Goldfobber that I am no employment agent, and go on about my business, because I can tell from the way he says the parties must be parties who can be depended on in a pinch, that a pinch is apt to come up on the job any minute, and I do not care to steer any friends of mine against a pinch.

But as I get up to go, I look out of Judge Goldfobber's window, and I can see Brooklyn in the distance beyond the river, and seeing Brooklyn, I get to thinking of certain parties over there that I figure must be suffering terribly from the unemployment situation. I get to thinking of Harry the Horse, and Spanish John and Little Isadore, and the reason I figure they must be suffering from the unemployment situation is because if nobody is working and making any money, there is nobody for them to rob, and if there is nobody for them to rob, Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore are just naturally bound to be feeling the depression keenly.

Anyway, I finally mention the names of these parties to Judge Goldfobber, and furthermore I speak well of their reliability in a pinch, and of their nerve, although I cannot conscientiously recommend their tact, and Judge Goldfobber is greatly delighted, as he often hears of Harry the Horse, and Spanish John and Little Isadore.

He asks me for their addresses, but, of course, nobody knows exactly where Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore live, because they do not live anywhere in particular. However, I tell him about a certain spot in Clinton Street where he may be able to get track of them.

Well, I do not hear anything more of the matter for several weeks, but one evening when I am in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, enjoying a little cold bortsch, which is a most refreshing matter in hot weather such as is going on at the time, who bobs up but Harry the Horse, and Spanish John and Little Isadore, and I am so surprised to see them that some of my cold bortsch goes down the wrong way, and I almost choke to death.

However, they seem quite friendly, and in fact, Harry the Horse pounds me on the back to keep me from choking, and while he pounds so hard that he almost caves in my spine, I consider it a most courteous action, and when I am able to talk again, I say to him as follows:

"Well, Harry," I say, "it is a privilege and a pleasure to see you again, and I hope and trust you will all join me in some cold bortsch, which you will find very nice indeed."

"No," Harry says, "we do not care for any cold bortsch. We are looking for Judge Goldfobber. Do you see Judge Goldfobber around and about lately?"

Well, the idea of Harry the Horse and Spanish John and Little Isadore looking for Judge Goldfobber sounds somewhat alarming to me, and I figure maybe the job Judge Goldfobber gives them turns out bad, and they wish to pull Judge Goldfobber apart, but the next minute Harry says to me like this:

"By the way," he says, "we wish to thank you for the job of work you throw our way. Maybe some day we will be able to do as much for you. It is a most interesting job," Harry says, "and while you are snuffing your cold bortsch, I will give you the details, so you will understand why we wish to see Judge Goldfobber."

It turns out (Harry the Horse says) that the job is not for Judge Goldfobber personally, but for a client of his, and who is this client but Mr. Jabez Tuesday, the rich millionaire, who owns the Tuesday string of joints where many citizens go for food, and wait on themselves. Judge Goldfobber comes to me in Brooklyn in person, and sends me to see Mr. Jabez Tuesday with a letter of introduction, so Mr. Jabez Tuesday can explain what he wishes me to do, because Judge Goldfobber is too smart a guy to be explaining such matters to me himself.

Anyway, I go to see Mr. Tuesday at a Fifth Avenue hotel where he makes his home, and where he has a very swell layout of rooms, and I am by no means impressed with Mr. Tuesday, as he hems and haws quite a bit before he tells me the nature of the employment he has in mind for me. He is a little guy, somewhat dried out, with a bald head, and a small mouser on his upper lip, and he wears specs., and seems somewhat nervous.

Well, it takes him some time to get down to cases, and tell me what is eating him, and what he wishes me to do, and then it all sounds very simple indeed, and in fact, it sounds so simple that I think Mr. Jabez Tuesday is a little daffy when he tells me he will give me ten thousand dollars for the job.

What Mr. Tuesday wishes me to do is to get some letters that he personally writes to a doll by the name of Miss Amelia Bodkin, who lives in a house just outside Tarrytown, because it seems that Mr. Tuesday makes certain cracks in these letters that he is now sorry for, such as speaking of love and marriage and one thing and another to Miss Amelia Bodkin, and he is afraid she is going to sue him for breach of promise.

"Such an idea will be very embarrassing to me," Mr. Jabez Tuesday says, "as I am about to marry a party who is a member of one of the most high-toned families in this country. It is true," Mr. Tuesday says, "that the Scarwater family does not have as much money now as formerly, but there is no doubt about it being very, very high-toned, and my fiancée, Miss Valerie Scarwater, is one of the high-tonedest of them all. In fact," he says, "she is so high-toned that the chances are she will be very huffy about anybody suing me for breach of promise, and cancel everything."

"This is a very easy job for a person of your standing," Mr. Tuesday says. "Miss Amelia Bodkin

Embarrassing *to* Mr. Tuesday

lives all alone in her house the other side of Tarrytown, except for a couple of servants, and they are old and harmless. Now the idea is," he says, "you are not to go to her house as if you are looking for the letters, but as if you are after something else, such as her silverware, which is quite antique, and very valuable.

"She keeps the letters in a big inlaid box in her room," Mr. Tuesday says, "and if you just pick up this box and carry it away along with the silverware, no one will ever suspect that you are after the letters, but will think that you take the box thinking it contains valuables. You bring the letters to me and get your ten thousand," Mr. Tuesday says, "and," he says, "you keep the silverware, too. Be sure you get her Paul Revere teapot with the silverware," he says. "It is worth plenty."

"Well," I say to Mr. Tuesday, "every guy knows his own business best, and I do not wish to knock myself out of a nice soft job, but," I say, "it seems to me the simplest way of carrying on this transaction is to buy the letters off this doll, and be done with it. Personally," I say, "I do not believe there is a doll in the world who is not willing to sell a whole post office full of letters for ten thousand, especially in these times, and throw in a set of Shakespeare with them."

"No, no," Mr. Tuesday says. "Such a course will not do with Miss Amelia Bodkin at all. You see," he says, "Miss Bodkin and I are very, very friendly for a matter of maybe fifteen or sixteen years. In fact, we are very friendly indeed. She does not have any idea at this time that I wish to break off this friendship with her. Now," he says, "if I try to buy the letters from her, she may become suspicious. The idea," Mr. Tuesday says, "is for me to get the letters first, and then explain to her about breaking off the friendship, and make suitable arrangements with her afterwards.

"Do not get Miss Amelia Bodkin wrong," Mr. Tuesday says. "She is an excellent person, but," he says, "you know the saying, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' And maybe Miss Amelia Bodkin may figure I am scorning her if she finds out I am going to marry Miss Valerie Scarwater, and furthermore," he says, "if she still has the letters she may fall into the hands of unscrupulous lawyers, and demand a very large sum indeed. But," Mr. Tuesday says, "this does not worry me half as much as the idea that Miss Valerie Scarwater may learn about the letters and get a wrong impression of my friendship with Miss Amelia Bodkin."

Well, I round up Spanish John and Little Isadore the next afternoon, and I find Little Isadore playing dice with a guy by the name of Educated Edmund, who is called Educated Edmund because he once goes to Erasmus High School and is considered a very fine scholar indeed, so I invite Educated Edmund to go along with us. The idea is, I know Educated Edmund makes a fair living playing dice with Little Isadore, and I figure as long as I am depriving Educated Edmund of a living for awhile, it is only courteous to toss something else his way. Furthermore, I figure as long as letters are involved in this proposition, it may be a good thing to have Educated Edmund handy in case any reading becomes necessary, because Spanish John and Little Isadore do not read at all, and I read only large print, while Educated Edmund is a very wonderful reader indeed.

We borrow a car off a friend of mine in Clinton Street, and with me driving we start for Tarrytown, which is a spot up the Hudson River, and it is a very enjoyable ride for one and all on account of the scenery. It is the first time Educated Edmund and Spanish John and Little Isadore ever see the scenery along the Hudson, although they all reside awhile on the banks of this beautiful river for several years at Ossining. Personally, I am never in Ossining although once I make Auburn, and once Comstock, but the scenery in these localities is nothing to speak of.

We hit Tarrytown about dark, and follow the main drag through this burg, as Mr. Tuesday tells me, until finally we come to the spot I am looking for, which is a little white cottage on a slope of ground above the river, not far off the highway. This little white cottage has quite a piece of ground around it, and a low stone wall, with a driveway from the highway to the house, and when I spot the gate to the driveway I make a quick turn, and what happens but I run the car slap-dab into a stone gatepost, and the car folds up like an accordion.

You see, the idea is we are figuring to make this a fast stick-up job without any foolishness about it, maybe leaving any parties we come across tied up good and tight while we make a getaway, because I am greatly opposed to house breaking, or sneak jobs, as I do not consider them dignified. Furthermore, they take too much time, so I am going to run the car right up the front door when this stone post gets in my way.

The next thing I know, I open my eyes to find myself in a strange bed, and also in a strange bedroom, and while I wake up in many a strange bed in my time, I never wake up in such a strange bedroom as this. It is all very soft and dainty, and the only jarring note in my surroundings is Spanish John sitting beside the bed looking at me.

Naturally, I wish to know what is what, and Spanish John says I am knocked snoring in the collision with the gatepost, although none of the others are hurt, and that while I am stretched in the driveway with the blood running out of a bad gash in my face, who pops out of the house but a doll and an old guy who seems to be a butler, or some such, and the doll insists on them lugging me into the house, and placing me in this bedroom.

Then she washes the blood off of me, Spanish John says, and wraps my head up and personally goes to Tarrytown to get a doctor to see if my wounds are fatal, or what, while Educated Edmund and Little Isadore are trying to patch up the car. So, Spanish John says, he is sitting there to watch me until she comes back, although, of course, I know what he is really sitting there for is to get first search at me in case I do not recover.

Well, while I am thinking all this over, and wondering what is to be done, in pops a doll of maybe forty odd, who is built from the ground up, but who has a nice, kind-looking face, with a large smile, and behind her is a guy I can see at once is a doctor, especially as he is packing a little black bag, and has a grey goatee. I never see a nicer looking doll if you care for middling old dolls, although personally, I like them young, and when she sees me with my eyes open, she speaks as follows :

"Oh," she says, "I am glad you are not dead, you poor chap. But," she says, "here is Doctor Diffingwell, and he will see how badly you are injured. My name is Miss Amelia Bodkin, and this is my house, and this is my own bedroom, and I am very, very sorry you are hurt."

Well, naturally I consider this a most embarrassing situation, because here I am out to clip Miss Amelia

(*Continued overleaf*)

Continuing

Embarrassing to Mr. Tuesday

Bodkin of her letters and her silverware, including her Paul Revere teapot, and there she is taking care of me in first-class style, and saying she is sorry for me.

But there seems to be nothing for me to say at this time, so I hold still while the doctor looks me over, and after he peeks at my face, and gives me a good feel up and down, he states as follows :

"This is a very bad cut," he says. "I will have to stitch it up, and then he must be very quiet and rest for a few days, otherwise," he says, "complications may set in. It is best to move him to a hospital at once."

But Miss Amelia Bodkin will not listen to such an idea as moving me to a hospital. Miss Amelia Bodkin says I must rest right where I am, and she will take care of me, because she says I am injured on her premises by her gatepost, and it is only fair that she does something for me. In fact, from the way Miss Amelia Bodkin takes on about me being moved, I figure maybe it is the old sex appeal in me, although afterwards I find out it is only because she is lonesome, and nursing me will give her something to do.

Well, naturally I am not opposing her idea, because the way I look at it, I will be able to handle the situation about the letters, and also the silverware, very nicely as an inside job, so I try to act even worse off than I am, although, of course, anybody who knows about the time I carry eight slugs in my body from Broadway and Fiftieth Street to Brooklyn will laugh very heartily at the idea of a cut on the face keeping me in bed.

After the doctor gets through sewing me up, and goes away, I tell Spanish John to take Educated Edmund and Little Isadore and go on back to New York but to keep in touch with me by telephone, so I can tell them when to come back, and then I go to sleep, because I seem to be very tired. When I wake up later in the night, I seem to have a fever, and am really somewhat sick, and Miss Amelia Bodkin is sitting beside my bed swabbing my face with a cool cloth, which feels very pleasant indeed.

I am better in the morning, and am able to knock over a little breakfast which she brings to me on a tray, and I am commencing to see where being an invalid is not so bad, at that, especially when there are no coppers at your bedside every time you open your eyes asking who does it to you.

I can see Miss Amelia Bodkin gets quite a kick out of having somebody to take care of, although, of course, if she knows who she is taking care of at this time, the chances are she will be running up the road calling for the gendarmes. It is not until after breakfast that I can get her to go and grab herself a little sleep, and while she is away sleeping the old guy who seems to be the butler is in and out of my room every now and then to see how I am.

He is a gabby old guy, and pretty soon he is telling me all about Miss Amelia Bodkin, and what he tells me is that she is the old-time sweetheart of a guy in New York who is at the head of a big business, and very rich, and, of course, I know this guy is Mr. Jabez Tuesday, although the old guy who seems to be the butler never mentions his name.

"They are together many years," he says to me. "He is very poor when they meet, and she has a little money, and establishes him in business, and by her management of this business, and of him, she makes it a very large business, indeed. I know, because I am with them almost from the start," the old guy says. "She is very smart in business, and also very kind and nice, if anybody asks you.

"Now," the old guy says, "I am never able to figure out whey they do not get married, because there is no doubt she loves him and he loves her, but Miss Amelia Bodkin once tells me that it is because they are too poor at the start and too busy later on to think of such things as getting married, and so they drift along the way they are, until all of a sudden he is rich. Then," the old guy says, "I can see he is getting away from her, although she never sees it herself, and I am not surprised when a few years ago he convinces her it is best for her to retire from active work and move out to this spot.

"He comes out here fairly often at first," the old guy says, "but gradually he stretches the time between his visits, and now we do not see him once in a coon's age. Well," the old guy says, "it is just such a case as often comes up in life. In fact, I personally know of some others. But Miss Amelia Bodkin still thinks he loves her and that only business keeps him away so much, so you can see she either is not as smart as she looks, or is kidding herself. Well," the old guy says, "I will now bring you a little orange juice, although I do not mind saying you do not look to me like a guy who drinks orange juice as a steady proposition."

Now I am taking many a look around the bedroom to see if I can case the box of letters that Mr. Jabez Tuesday speaks of, but there is no box such as he describes in sight. Then in the evening, when Miss Amelia Bodkin is in the room and I seem to be dozing, she pulls out a drawer in the bureau and hauls out a big inlaid box, and sits down at a table under a reading lamp, and opens this box and begins reading some old letters. And as she sits there reading these letters, with me watching her through my eyelashes, sometimes she smiles, but once I see little tears rolling down her cheeks.

All of a sudden she looks at me and catches me with my eyes wide open, and I can see her face turn red, and then she laughs and speaks to me as follows :

"Old love letters," she says, tapping the box. "From my old sweetheart," she says. "I read some of them every night of my life. Am I not foolish and sentimental to do such a thing?"

Well, I tell Miss Amelia Bodkin she is sentimental, all right, but I do not tell her just how foolish she is to be letting me in on where she plants these letters, although, of course, I am greatly pleased to have this information. I tell Miss Amelia Bodkin that personally I never write a love letter, and never get a love letter, and in fact, while I hear of these propositions, I never even see a love letter before, and this all as true as you are a foot high. Then Miss Amelia Bodkin laughs a little, and says to me as follows :

"Why," she says, "you are a very unusual chap, indeed, not to know what a love letter is like. Why," she says, "I think I will read you a few of the most wonderful love letters in this world. It will do no harm," she says, "because you do not know the writer, and you must lie there and think of me, not old and ugly, as you see me now, but as young, and maybe a little bit pretty."

So Miss Amelia Bodkin opens a letter and reads it to me, and her voice is soft and low as she reads, but she scarcely ever looks at the letter as she is reading, so I can see she knows it pretty much by heart. Furthermore, I can see that she thinks this letter is quite a masterpiece, but while I am no judge of love letters, because this is the first one I ever hear, I wish to say I consider it nothing but real nonsense.

"Sweetheart mine," this love letter says, "I am still thinking of you as I see you yesterday standing in front of the house with the sunlight turning your dark brown hair to wonderful bronze. Darling," it says, "I love the colour of your hair. I am so glad you are not a blonde. I hate blondes, they are so empty-headed and mean and deceitful. Also they are bad tempered," the letter says. "I will never trust a blonde any farther than I can throw a bull by the tail. I never see a blonde in my life who is not a plumb washout," it says. "Most of them are nothing but peroxide, anyway. Business is improving," it says. "Sausage is going up. I love you now and always my baby doll."

Well, there are others worse than this, and all of them speak of her as sweetheart, or baby, or darlingest one, and also as loveykins, and precious, and angel, and I do not know what all else, and several of them speak of how things will be after they marry, and as I judge these are Mr. Jabez Tuesday's letters, all right, I can see where they are full of dynamite for a guy who is figuring on taking a run-out powder on a doll. In fact, I say something to this general effect to Miss Amelia Bodkin, just for something to say.

"Why," she says, "what do you mean?"

"Well," I say, "documents such as these are known to bring large prices under certain conditions."

Now Miss Amelia Bodkin looks at me a moment, as if wondering what is in my mind, and then she shakes her head as if she gives it up, and laughs and speaks as follows :

"Well," she says, "one thing is certain, my letters will never bring a price no matter how large under any conditions, even if anybody ever wants them. Why," she says, "these are my greatest treasure. They're my memories of my happiest days. Why," she says, "I will not part with these letters for a million dollars."

Naturally I can see from this remark that Mr. Jabez Tuesday makes a very economical deal with me at ten thousand for the letters, but of course I do not mention this to Miss Amelia Bodkin as I watch her put her love-letters back in the inlaid box, and put the box back in the drawer of the bureau. I thank her for letting me hear the letters, and then I tell her good-night, and I go to sleep, and the next day I telephone to a certain number in Clinton Street and leave word for Educated Edmund, and Spanish John, and Little Isadore to come and get me, as I am tired of being an invalid.

Now the next day is Saturday, and the day that comes after is bound to be Sunday, and they come to see me on Saturday, and promise to come back for me Sunday as the car is now unravelled and running all right, although my friend in Clinton Street is grousing no little about the way his fenders are bent. But before they arrive Sunday morning, who is there ahead of them bright and early but Mr. Jabez Tuesday in a big town car.

Furthermore, as he walks into the house, all dressed up in a cutaway coat, and a high hat, he grabs Miss Amelia Bodkin in his arms, and kisses her ker-plump right on the mouth, which information I afterwards received from the old guy who seems to be the butler. From upstairs I can personally hear Miss Amelia Bodkin crying more than somewhat, and then I hear Mr. Jabez Tuesday speak in a loud, hearty voice as follows :

"Now, now, now, 'Mely," Mr. Tuesday says. "Do not be crying, especially on my new white vest. Cheer up," Mr. Tuesday says, "and listen to the arrangements I make for our wedding to-morrow, and our honeymoon in Montreal. Yes, indeed, 'Mely," Mr. Tuesday says, "you are the only one for me, because you understand me from A to Izzard. Give me another big kiss, 'Mely, and let us sit down and talk things over."

Well, I judge from the sound that he gets his kiss, and it is a very large kiss, indeed, with the cut-out open, and then I hear them chewing the rag at great length in the living room downstairs. Finally I hear Mr. Jabez Tuesday speak as follows :

"You know, 'Mely," he says, "you and I are just plain ordinary folks and," he says, "this is why we fit each other so well I am sick and tired of people who pretend to be high-toned and mighty, when they do not have a white quarter to their name. They have no manners whatever. Why, only last night," Mr. Jabez Tuesday says, "I am calling on a high-toned family in New York by the name of Scarwater, and out of a clear sky I am grossly insulted by the daughter of the house, and practically turned out in the street. I never receive such treatment in my life," he says. "'Mely," he says, "give me another kiss, and see if you feel a bump here on my head."

Of course, Mr. Jabez Tuesday is later on somewhat surprised to see me present, but he never lets on he knows me, and naturally I do not give Mr. Jabez any tumble whatever at the moment, and by and by Educated Edmund and Spanish John and Little Isadore come for me in the car, and I thank Miss Amelia Bodkin for her kindness to me, and leave her standing on the lawn with Mr. Jabez Tuesday, waving us good-bye.

And Miss Amelia Bodkin looks so happy as she snuggles up close to Mr. Jabez Tuesday that I am glad I take the chance, which is always better than an even money chance these days, that Miss Valerie Scarwater is a blonde and sent Educated Edmund to her to read her Mr. Tuesday's letter in which he speaks of blondes. But, of course, I am sorry about this and other letters that I tell Educated Edmund to read to her heats her up so far as to make her forget she is a lady and causes her to slug Mr. Jabez Tuesday on the bean with an 18-carat vanity case, as she tells him to get out of her life.

So (Harry the Horse says) there is nothing more to the story, except we are now looking for Judge Goldfobber to get him to take up a legal matter for us with Mr. Jabez Tuesday. It is true Mr. Tuesday pays us the ten thousand, but he never lets us take the silverware he speaks of, not even the Paul Revere teapot, which he says is so valuable, and in fact when we drop around to Miss Amelia Bodkin's house to pick up these articles one night not long ago, the old guy who seems to be the butler lets off a double-barrelled shotgun at us, and acts very nasty in general.

So (Harry says) we're going to see if we can get Judge Goldfobber to sue Mr. Jabez Tuesday for breach of promise.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"The aspidistra can stand on the table, but I want you to fasten the window-box outside my porthole—then I shall begin to feel at home."

"Hi! 'Ave you taken our boots that we left outside this door?"

"Where're the pin tables?"

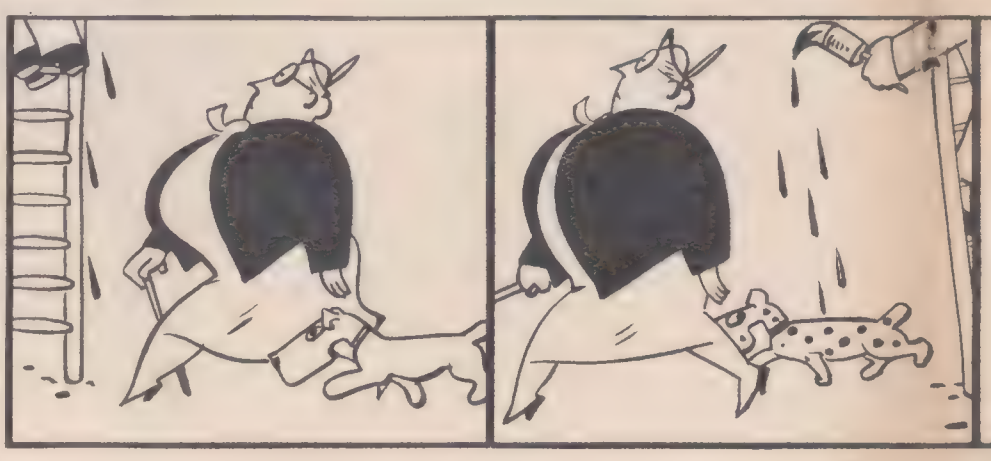
Jock takes advantage of the press photographer.

"I became absorbed in my work."

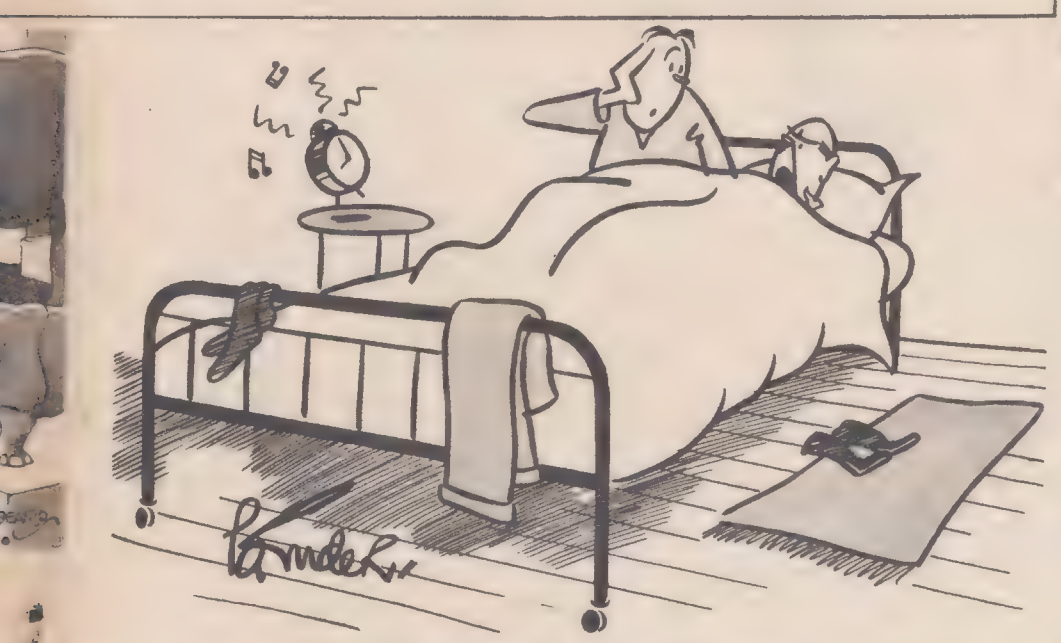
A MAN SLEEP-WALKS

"Cash it ? Why, sir, it's a perfectly blank cheque and you haven't a credit balance now."
"I know, old boy. I just want the twopence I paid for it."

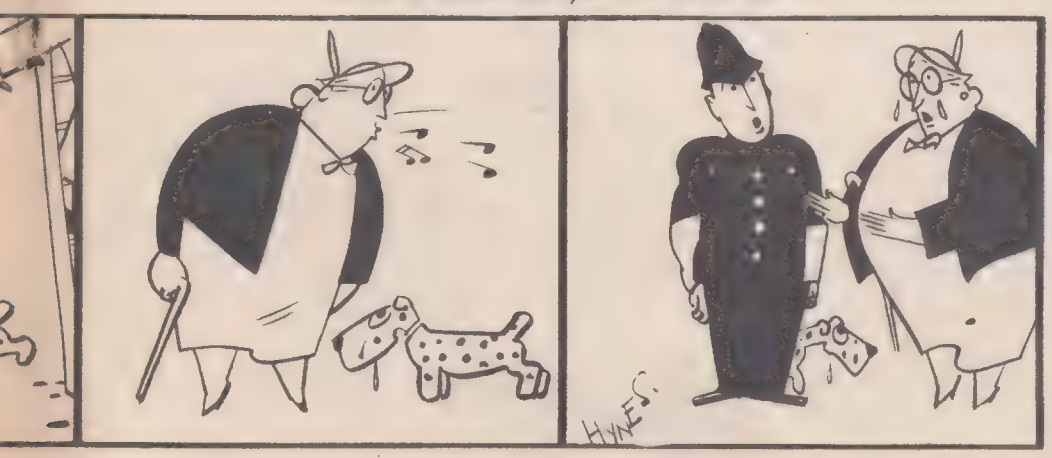
"You must be very interested in animals to spend your half-day off at the Zoo."
"'Tisn't that, lady, only I feel sometimes I'll go mad if I don't see 'em move."

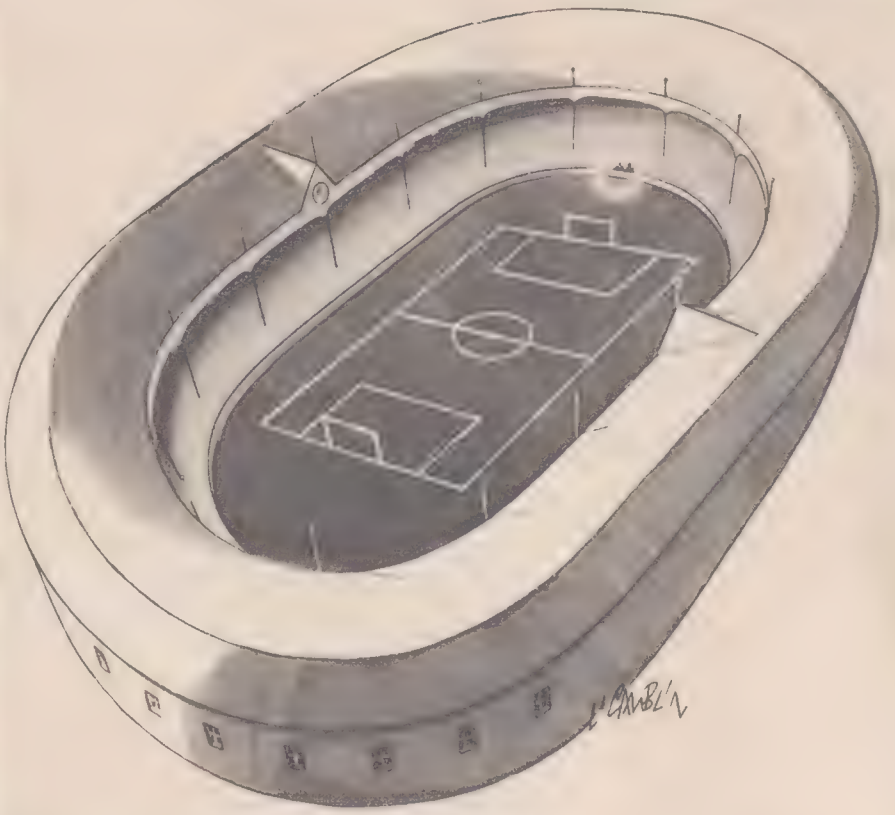


By A. C. BARRETT

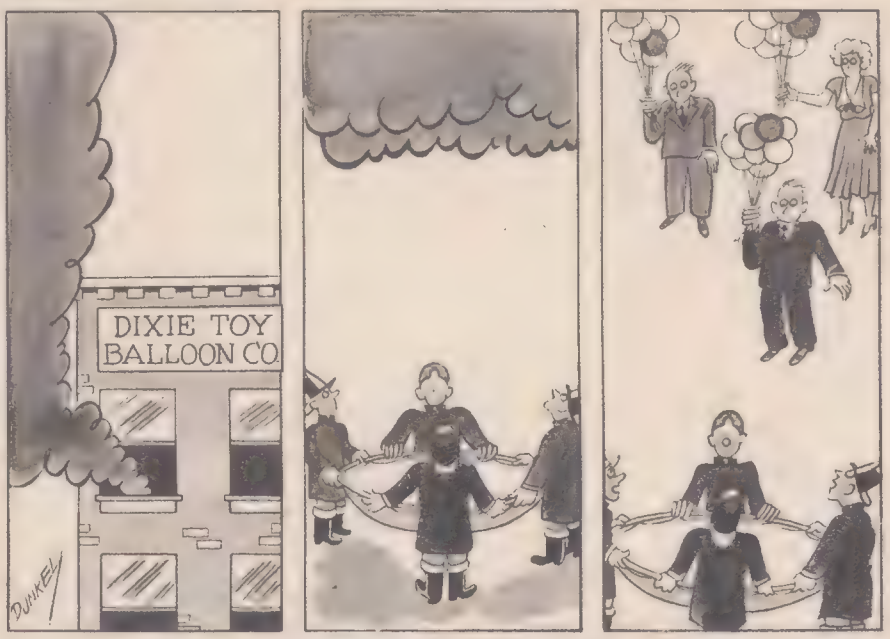


"I'm the new tenant—your rent's overdue!"



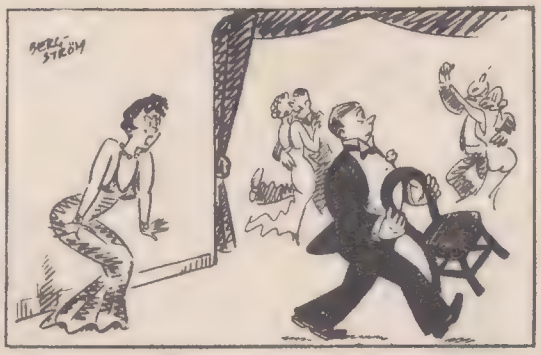


"You're sure they're playing here?"

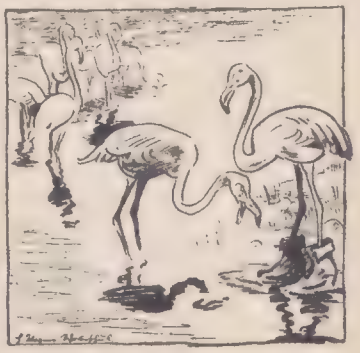


LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I often wonder what happens when a bee sits on a prickly pear; does the pear sting the bee or the bee the pear?"
Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

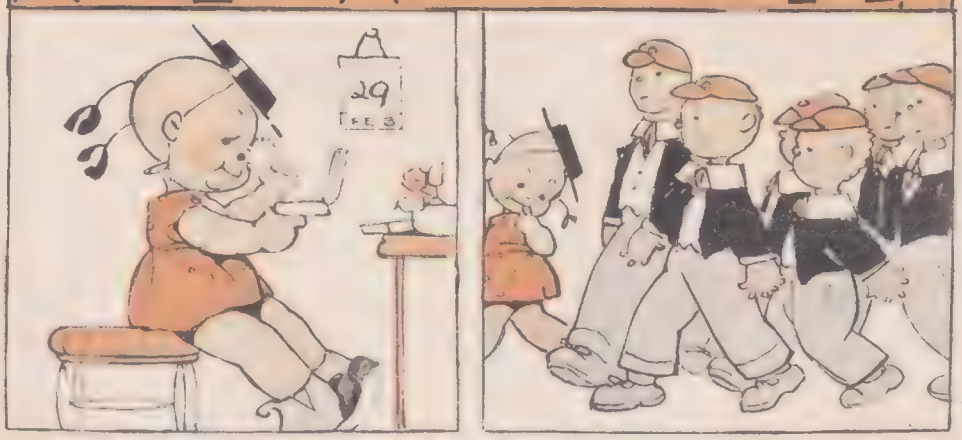


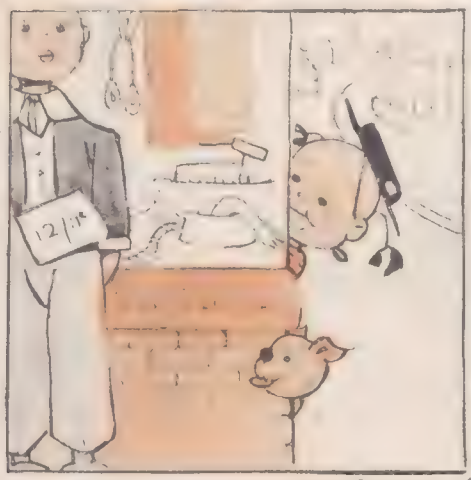
"That is the limit. I thought he was inviting me to dance, but when I stood up he took my chair."
Sondagsnisse Strix, Stockholm.



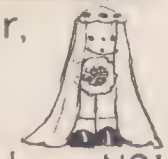
Mrs. Flamingo: "Since I have worn these overshoes my rheumatism is much better."
Der Lustige Sachse, Leipsig.

MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says "WOT A LIFE!"





Now-sure an' don't forget that this *is* Leap Year,
We cannot let a chance like this one go.
I've used powder - I've used paint
'Til I look like wot I ain't –
But – the wretched answer's - so far - have been NO!



"Hi! Bring your drill, quick! One of my ostriches got loose last night and buried his head in some wet cement."

OLD BILL and BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"I LIKE A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE, AND **KENSITAS*** DOES NOT BOTHER MY THROAT" *June*

June, the charming and beautiful actress who will be starring in André Charlot's new Vaudeville Revue.

The *Costlier Virginia Tobaccos* used in Kensitas *plus* the Kensitas Private Process *(the Process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in all tobaccos)* assure you a plain-tip cigarette that 1004 Doctors have agreed to be less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

**Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough*

'COUGHS were ruining my life'

"FAMEL SYRUP PUT ME RIGHT"

"I have been busy recommending your most wonderful Famel Syrup. As a coach driver I have friends all along the road, and they have all been asking how I escaped the dreadful sickening cough that used to haunt me. For years I was never any good in winter, and had to give up good jobs until warm weather came again, but all this winter I have never felt better in my life. After the first small bottle of Famel Syrup I knew I had at last found the right stuff for me, and in all the cold weather and night driving this winter I have not coughed at all — not even once."

M. R. . . . , Notting Hill.

Always we hear the same story, told in different words, of sufferers from terrible heart-breaking coughs who could have recovered years ago, if only they had tried Famel Syrup. Many sufferers have friends who know Famel Syrup and eventually they hear of it from them. Others are too proud to take advice — at first. But in the end they all come to Famel Syrup, because Famel Syrup does a most unusual thing. It removes the CAUSE of the cough! For many years doctors have known that the only effective way to deal with a cough is to attack the germs from within—through the blood-stream—and this is what Famel Syrup actually does. Its soluble Lactocreosote (discovered in the Famel Laboratories) actually destroys the germs that irritate your breathing passages and lungs. You are not merely relieved for the time being — your body is freed from the infecting germs, and strengthened against new attacks.

Famel Syrup is a recognised scientific preparation used in hospitals and sanatoria all over the world, and recommended in famous medical papers.

FAMEL
brand
SYRUP

It goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

1/6 and 3/- (*triple quantity*) *from all chemists*

Distributors: Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., Harp Works, North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

Continuing

Unlike Other Ladies

by

Marjorie BOWEN

Illustrated by FORTUNINO MATANIA, R.I.

Sophie Dawes—Baronne de Feuchères—one of the most remarkable women who ever rose from the gutter. She was born a smuggler's child at St. Helens in the Isle of Wight and became a great lady in Paris. She was the mistress of the last Prince de Bourbon Condé and became controller of his vast estates and palaces, and managed to dispose of his millions in her own way, even directing the making of his will. She was not only mentally cruel to the old Prince, but subjected him to actual physical violence.

Seriously involved in the murder of her benefactor, this powerful Englishwoman escaped everything save scandal through the protection of the then King of the French, Louis Philippe.

The FISHER GIRL goes to Court

IN the month of August of the year 1830 four people sat at whist in the Chateau of St. Leu; one was the owner of St. Leu and other princely estates, first Prince of the Blood and one of the wealthiest men in France, Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé; another was his mistress, the Baroness de Feuchères, a very handsome, middle-aged woman sumptuously attired; these two were partners in the rubber as they had been for many years, partners in life; the other players were members of the huge household of the Prince, which included six hundred people, M. Préjean and M. de la Villegontier.

Everyone was calm and pleasant at the little party and no one looking in on these four as they sat in the handsome apartment by the light of crystal lamps would have thought that the vast, lovely Chateau had recently echoed to the clangour of brutal scenes, and that the large bruise over one of the Prince's eyes had been given him by the white but large and powerful hand of the Baroness.

M. de Condé suddenly looked up at the ornate clock which stood between the windows.

"It is nearly midnight," he remarked, "and I really must get to bed. You know, all the doctors say that I ought to have plenty of sleep."

"Yes, indeed," smiled the Baroness, "you must take care of your health above everything." And she gave the Prince a playful tap with her fan from which he shrank away.

"I, too, am tired," smiled Madame de Feuchères. "But, Monseigneur, you have lost a few *louis*—I hope you are going to pay!"

M. de Condé searched his pockets in vain. "I have no money," he said pleasantly, "but I will make a note of what I owe."

He jotted down the amount of his debt on his tablet, then bade an affectionate "good-night" to the three players and to some other members of his establishment who were idly grouped about the window, which was open into the hot night.

"What long farewells he takes to-night, as if he were going on a journey," whispered one of these, Madame de Belzunce. "Is it possible that he has, after all, planned to escape?"

"Hush!" her companions muttered fearfully; all glanced at Madame de Feuchères, whose bold, glittering, deep-blue eyes were turned in the direction where her lover, leaning on the arm of M. de Préjean, was slowly leaving the room.

M. de Condé was seventy years of age and suffered from a complication of diseases; he could hardly walk without assistance and it was impossible for him to raise his right hand higher than his mouth owing to an ancient injury to his shoulder.

A state of long, cruel agitation, mingled with constant fear of physical violence, had reduced the old man, always feeble in character, to a state bordering on imbecility; it was the fascinated look of a frightened child that he cast over his shoulder at his imperious mistress in her saffron-coloured satin, standing smiling by the card-table; but when he had left the *salon* and had begun to mount painfully the grand staircase, his spirits revived and he chuckled to himself and muttered some sentences which M. Préjean could not understand.

M. de Condé's apartments were isolated on the first floor of the vast building, at a corner of a wing of the chateau. The large bedchamber looked with two sash windows into the park, there was an antechamber and a *salon* opening on to a wide gallery. In one corner a small door led to a private staircase which led down to the ground floor and so to the suite occupied by Sophie Dawes, Madame de Feuchères.

The bed, a heavy piece of furniture in the shape of a boat, stood in an alcove, and there M. de Condé seated himself, on this night of August 26, while his doctor, M. Bonnie, and his valet, Lecomte, bandaged his legs, put him into his flannel shirt, waistcoat and cap, gave him medicine and prepared him in the usual manner for the night; the old man appeared cheerful and when the valet had gone into the *cabinet de toilette* to fetch some water, he whispered eagerly to the doctor.

In panic Manoury leapt behind the velvet curtains . . . It was Sophie Dawes . . .

"Bonnie, send Manoury to me to-night."

"But it is Lecomte's turn to wait on you, Monseigneur."

"Lecomte is one of *her* creatures—you know that I am surrounded by spies—there are only you and Manoury left of my faithful servants——"

"Alas, Monseigneur," murmured the doctor, pretending to be busy with bandages. "How often have I implored you to show a little firmness."

"I dare not," whispered the old Prince. "You don't know what she is! These scenes! And *you* know how I got my black eye, Bonnie!"

The doctor shuddered; he himself felt some fear of the terrible Englishwoman. The valet brought the water and the Prince sent him into the ante-chamber to fetch a book.

"Now, Bonnie, while he is gone—send Manoury to me. I want him to sleep here to-night," whispered the old man. "I mean to escape—at last. M. de Choulot is coming for me at eight o'clock to-morrow, I am going to slip out and join him. He has a carriage and horses waiting beyond the wood and I shall drive post to Switzerland."

"And Madame, with all her spies, has not suspected this plan?" gasped the astonished doctor, as the valet, with a look of insolent suspicion, hurried back into the room. The old man shook his head and M. Bonnie continued his work in silence.

When the Prince was arranged in bed—owing to his infirmities he had to lie on the edge on his sound side with blankets tucked round him in a sling—M. Bonnie went to find the faithful Manoury, who had formerly slept across the corridor but who had been recently removed to a distant part of the chateau.

"Manoury, the Prince wishes you to sleep with him to-night"; and the doctor told the valet what the old man had told him. "Just think, after enduring so much, he plans to escape!"

The valet, nearly as old and feeble as his master, could not express his fear and astonishment; he shuddered at the very name of the terrible Baroness, and refused to obey his master.

"I dare not—it is Lecomte's turn for service. What a trouble would be caused! *She* would suspect something and I should be dismissed. No, no!"

Seeing that nothing could be done with the nervous old man, the doctor returned thoughtfully to his master's apartments; all was silent in the Chateau, but M. Bonnie, used to spies and eavesdroppers, moved warily. He had been a helpless witness of the long struggle between Sophie Dawes—the daughter of an Isle of Wight smuggler, the Piccadilly servant girl—and the last of the noble House of Condé.

Sophie had wished the old man, who had no heir, to leave his huge fortune, worth millions, and vast estates, to the then Duke of Orleans, who in return for this service had promised to protect Sophie and to secure for her a share of the plunder. The Prince had wished, however, to leave his possessions to the grandson of Charles X and, feeble as he was, had bitterly resisted his formidable mistress. The revolution of 1830 had sent Charles X into exile and set the Duke of Orleans on the throne; overcome by this misfortune, M. de Condé had signed the will leaving all he had to the new king, but at the same time had made with one of his gentlemen, M. de Choulot, the plan to escape that he had just confided to the doctor.

"No doubt," thought M. Bonnie, "he intends to join Charles X in exile, and there to revoke the will—well, I hope he succeeds, but it is difficult to believe that he will be able to outwit Madame!"

The doctor found the Prince alone in bed, his slippers by the bedside table, with a watch and some handkerchiefs; the night lamp burning behind a screen on the hearth.

When M. Bonnie gave Manoury's message the old man sighed, but did not seem greatly troubled.

"Well," he remarked, "by eight o'clock to-morrow morning I shall have gone from this infernal place forever. Will you, please, lock the door on to the private staircase?"

As M. Bonnie obeyed, he asked the Prince if he would not secure himself for the night by locking the main door of the bedroom.

The old man replied that he probably would do this as he suspected that he might be spied upon during the night; he seemed in particular to dread Lecomte, the ex-hairdresser from Paris whom Sophie Dawes had forced on him as a valet, M. Lambot, a man of gigantic strength whom she had introduced as steward into the household and who was suspected of being her lover.

"But I am glad," he muttered, settling down into his pillows, "that James has gone to Paris."

M. Bonnie shared these sentiments; he, too, loathed and dreaded the stout ally and nephew of Sophie Dawes, the powerful and insolent James Dawes, created by her interest Baron de Flassans, and he was relieved that, on this critical night the strong, bullying Englishman was absent in Paris, where he had gone to sell some of the Prince's horses in order to raise ready money for his aunt and himself.

Wishing his master luck, the doctor

"It's absolutely STAGGERING!" "It's quite surprising"

The man who is "literally staggered" twice before breakfast is apt to run out of words when superlatives really are needed. That is why we leave you to use the superlatives after you have proved for yourself that "BP" Ethyl cures pinking; we content ourselves with saying—

"BP" ETHYL is good

—it Banishes Pinking Entirely

Continuing

The FISHER GIRL *goes to Court*

kissed the old man's hand respectfully, reflecting how astonishing it was that this great and wealthy Prince should be in such a state of subjection to a vulgar woman whom he had taken from misery and who owed everything to him.

The Prince de Condé had met Sophie Dawes in London when he was exiled after the Revolution of 1789; he had educated her, pretended she was his daughter, married her to a man of honour who had left her when he discovered the truth, allowed her to separate him from his family, his friends, his servants and tenantry, to surround him with her creatures, spies and paid bullies, to bleed him of large sums of money and even to force him to sign the will leaving his vast fortune to the man whom he detested—the Duke of Orleans, now Louis Philippe, King of the French.

The doctor tiptoed to his room and carefully locked his door.

Complete stillness fell on the Chateau of St. Leu; the keepers made their rounds in the great park, the sentries paced on the ancient walls, the white flag of the Bourbons floated from the keep in the warm summer breeze.

Across the sleeping countryside hastened M. de Choulot to rescue his master—he was due to St. Leu by eight o'clock a.m. Beyond the forest waited the carriage and horses that were to take M. de Condé into the exile where he would be free from Sophie Dawes. In order to make the plan as sound as possible, there was a second equipage waiting with an old man dressed as the Prince usually was in order to confuse any possible pursuit.

One person at least slept uneasily in the Chateau St. Leu; that was Manoury, the old valet, who really loved his master and deeply repented of his cowardice in refusing his request to sleep with him; at length the old man could endure his anxiety no longer; slipping on his clothes and taking his little night-light, he crept downstairs to the great corridor on the first floor from which opened the apartments of his master, and tried the Prince's door. It was locked.

Manoury was startled at this—so unusual an occurrence—and put his ear to the keyhole; he could hear some shuffling movements and a dragging sound. "Doubtless Monseigneur moving about the room"—but Manoury felt a clutch of terror at his heart and resolved to try to enter his master's room by the secret staircase; this led not only to the apartments of Sophie Dawes on the ground floor, but to a suite belonging to M. Lambot above.

Manoury knew that the *salon* of this would be empty, so decided to gain the private stair by that means. He found the *salon* deserted and was about to open the door of the little stair when it was flung back almost in his face and a beam of lamplight fell across the dark room; with the quickness of panic Manoury leaped behind the heavy velvet curtains at the window, where he was concealed by the shadow.

It was Sophie Dawes, M. de Lambot and a certain Berton, one of the sentries, who entered the deserted room; the Englishwoman wore a chamber gown of rich crimson over her night attire, her thick chestnut hair in a net and a long Indian scarf round her shoulders.

The young sentry, a man of magnificent physique, wore the splendid livery of the House of Condé. M. de Lambot, another Hercules of a man, was wrapped in a dressing-gown, and for all the August heat, shivering; both the men had stockinged feet, and Sophie wore thin sandals; she carried a packet of papers in a loop of her scarf and a small lamp.

The terrified Manoury observed these details while he listened, paralysed, to the conversation of the three, who went to the sideboard; the two men poured out wine and drank.

"How sickly you look," said Sophie Dawes to M. Lambot. "It had to be done—and I have the King's letter, saying—'prevent him from escaping . . . at all costs'."

"Yes, yes," gasped Lambot, throwing down the wine. "That ought to cover us—the King is bound to hush everything up."

"No doubt," grinned Berton. "Besides, he will come into a million or so and some of the finest lands in France—and we shall do quite well for ourselves, too." He gave Sophie Dawes a coarse leer, to which she replied by a brilliant smile; she then tossed the scarf full of papers to the young man, crying :

"Come there is something to be done before eight o'clock to-morrow when M. Choulot will arrive to rescue his master !"

"And Lecomte knocks upon his door to awaken him !" added Lambot, swallowing another drink.

Then the three passed into the inner room—M. Lambot's bedroom.

Manoury, who felt his senses failing and his limbs giving beneath him, yet, by the aid of sheer panic fear, contrived to glide out of the room, up the grand staircase to his own small closet. There he lay all the rest of the night on his bed, half-clothed, shuddering, while before his closed eyes, like phantoms of a nightmare, moved the three figures—Sophie Dawes and her two accomplices, her two lovers no doubt, M. Lambot, the Herculean steward and Berton, the vigorous, coarsely handsome youth for whom she had procured a post in the ranks of the Prince's private guards.

What had they been about? Manoury did not dare to think; with the daylight a little of his courage returned; he dressed himself precisely, and as the clock struck eight he was waiting, sick and shivering, outside Monseigneur's locked door, where Lecomte, trim and punctual, was already knocking.

"It is I, Monseigneur—you desired to be called at eight o'clock."

M. de Choulot was also punctual; at precisely that moment he rode into the courtyard of the Chateau; beyond the woods the carriage and the decoy equipage waited; it was a glorious summer day, blue, sunny.

The doctor, M. Bonnie, had now arrived outside the old Prince's door; Manoury turned to him in great distress.

"Oh, Monsieur ! The door is locked ! There is no reply !"

"Hush !" answered the doctor, and he too knocked and shouted.

A number of servants gathered in the corridor and Lecomte ran to fetch Sophie, who was in everything, the mistress of the establishment. This lady came running down the grand stairs in a red chamber robe, the sight of which caused Manoury to groan.

Striking on the door with her powerful hands, she shouted : "Open Monseigneur, it is I ! It is your Sophie ! Open ! Monseigneur ! Your dear Sophie."

As there was no reply Sophie, who had now taken command of the situation, ordered Lecomte to fetch a crowbar. With this he battered down one of the panels of the door and crawled through this aperture followed by Manoury and M. Bonnie, both on their hands and knees.

The shuttered room was dark save for the faint glow from the lamp on the hearth; the bed was empty, indented in the centre, but not disarranged; with a terrible cry Manoury grasped the doctor's arm and pointed to the window nearest the bed, while Lecomte rushed to the other and flung its shutters wide.

The August sunshine streaming into the room showed the last of the Condé's standing against the shutters, his knees bent, his head fallen on his chest, his arms hanging rigidly by his side; Manoury rushed up to his master and found him cold and stiff, fastened by two looped coroneted handkerchiefs marked "B" to the latch of the sash window. He wore sleeping attire and night-cap.

"Suicide !" exclaimed Lecomte.

"There are no signs of strangulation," replied the doctor, and drawing his clasp knife was about to cut the handkerchiefs when Manoury seized his arm, exclaiming :

"You'll ruin us all ! This is a matter for the police."

"You're right," cried M. Bonnie, and the two men rushed to the door and unbolted it on the excited crowd without.

On the threshold stood Sophie; she would have entered, but M. Bonnie held her back. "Monseigneur is dead—hanged !"

"Suicide !" repeated Lecomte, but Manoury cried :

"Monseigneur has been murdered !"

Sophie uttered a shriek and sank on one of the gilt stools in the corridor, wringing her hands and uttering the strange remark : "How fortunate that the Prince has not died on his bed, or someone would have accused me of poisoning him !"

At the news of the horrible death of M. de Condé—the climax of so many ugly events—confusion seized everyone in the Chateau of St. Leu; there was a great running to and fro to fetch doctors, priests, magistrates, and to send the news to Paris.

Meanwhile, Sophie Dawes, quite recovered in her spirits, sat at her ease, offering her hand to be kissed by her favourites with the air of a Queen, while her creatures went over the Chateau packing up all portable spoils, gold and silver plate, cases of jewels, clothes and ornaments.

"Everything is mine now," smiled Sophie, "the Chateau has been left to me."

When the agitated magistrate, his assistant and the village doctor arrived at St. Leu, they found the dead man on his bed, the suite of rooms in confusion, not a scrap of paper of any sort to be found, and the Chateau half-stripped by Sophie's attendants, while several coaches were ready to take her and them to Paris.

Ignorant and overawed, the representatives of the law and of medicine agreed that it was a case of suicide.

"Doubtless Monseigneur was grieved by the exile of Charles X," they stammered uneasily.

Dr. Bonnie exclaimed indignantly.

"The Prince was not strangled ! He was incapable of tying those knots, of lifting his right arm above his head ! He was a religious man, he often expressed horror of suicide ! Besides, I know that he intended to escape this morning.""

A hand was placed on the doctor's wrist; he turned, startled, to see Sophie in her embroidered mantle and plumed bonnet beside him; for so heavy a woman she was very soft-footed.

"Take care what you say," she smiled. "If any such talk should get to the ears of His Majesty——"

M. Bonnie, with a shudder, shook off those powerful fingers and said boldly :

"In my opinion the Prince was choked in his bed, then dragged to the window and tied there. The handkerchiefs were fastened with *fishermen's knots*."

For a second the deep-blue eyes of the fisherman's daughter flashed fury, then, repeating her scornful warning "Take care," she followed insolently away to her carriage, where, under the seat, crouched the handsome Berton, no longer wearing the Condé livery but fine civilian clothes.

While the magistrates were signing their deposition that the death of M. de Condé was due to suicide, Manoury was weeping beside the body of his master, remembering with terror the incidents of the night before which he dare not mention—and James Dawes, Baron de Flassans, who had returned post from Paris, took possession of the Chateau.

"*He* was careful to establish an alibi," muttered Dr. Bonnie. "Well, my poor Manoury, I do not think that we shall be able to do anything against this woman whom the King protects."

He was proved right; Louis Philippe hushed up all inquiries into the death of M.de Condé, which had brought his family so vast a fortune, and saved from the dangers of all investigations Sophie Dawes, who held his letter bidding her prevent the escape of her victim *at all costs*.

Sophie received a full share of the plunder and was welcomed at Court; but everyone suspected her of being a murderess, and when she appeared at the theatre once, a wit exclaimed out loud : "There is blood on her dress !"

Driven by pressure of public hatred out of France, Sophie, now a very wealthy woman worth nearly three quarters of a million, returned to England, where she died ten years after the death of M. de Condé.

She maintained her secrets to the end; and it was not till after 1849, when Louis Philippe was driven from his throne that the truth as to that August night in 1830 began to come out and that the valet's confession, made on his death bed of who he had seen that dreadful night emerging from the secret staircase, was made public.

NEXT WEEK :
The Secret of the Merciless Marquise

RALEIGH

the largest Quality sale in the world

. . . . and
Quality alone
ensures LONG LIFE and EASY-RUNNING

AMONG people who put quality first Raleigh sales are highest. For, whilst cheapness loses all meaning directly the bicycle is bought, quality is an asset which endures for many years to come. Quality, for instance, means long life and trouble-free cycling. It is only the *quality* apparent in even the smallest part that enables the Raleigh to carry a For Ever Guarantee.

And it is quality that makes Raleigh the easiest-running bicycle. Long years of study by practical experts, stringent tests in the laboratory and verification of these tests on specially designed apparatus all contribute to the perfection that is Raleigh. You will pay a little more for a Raleigh—but you will get that quality which cannot be computed in cash yet which means so much *after* a bicycle is bought.

From **£4.19.6** *Cash*

or 5/- down and 12 monthly payments of 9/7. Fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, 20/- extra (cash), or 2/- monthly. Send postcard for copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" and name and address of nearest dealer.

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE COMPANY LTD., NOTTINGHAM

Depots and Agents everywhere

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that "makes cycling easy"

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MAN WHO IS CONVINCED THAT

PELMANISM

WILL BE OF GREAT SERVICE TO HIM BUT WHO HAS DONE NOTHING ABOUT IT—YET

PELMAN HOUSE,
BLOOMSBURY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

From the Founder of the Pelman Institute.

Dear Sir,

I'm not astonished that the case for Pelmanism absolutely convinced you. It is overwhelming. Where can you find anything like it? As a scientific system of mental training, the aim of which is success and happiness, it is unapproached and unapproachable. You believe that. . . . Yet you are holding back. . . . Why?

Think again! You have the chance of greatly improving your abilities and personality, also your powers of self-expression, thus developing self-confidence and social popularity. . . . You have the opportunity of acquiring speed in thinking, of abolishing shyness and self-consciousness, of increasing will-power, and evolving a well-trained mind—yet you fail to act. . . . Again, why? . . .

You desire to overcome depression, also to conquer indecision, and insecurity; and we have offered you authoritative testimonies from students who say, "Pelmanism has given me a new life of joy and prosperity." You needed some guarantee from men and women of light and leading that the Course was really good, and these we provided in number and unequalled excellence. Without a doubt you were deeply impressed and fully convinced, but there is a restraining element in your consciousness. . . . What is it?

It may be procrastination. "Some other day," says the voice within; or, "Wait until next month"; or, "A more convenient season is coming." There's only one way of dealing with old man Procrastination: take him by the neck and by the seat of the trousers and throw him out! His smooth tongue has already cost you a lot of money, and lost you a nice batch of opportunities. Don't let him spoil your chances of Pelmanism!

Perhaps a peculiar *doubt* is repressing you: e.g., "I wonder whether the Pelman Course can deal with *my* needs?" I am sure it can. And you have only to fill in our Confidential Questionnaire to prove that fact for yourself. Without fee, the Consulting Psychologist will send you a private report on your good points and weak points. He will also show you how Pelmanism can give you a fuller and more successful life. Isn't that worth while?

Do you belong to the crowd of people who doubt their abilities, and who in consequence are losing chances every day? I used to think that the majority of men and women had a good opinion of themselves. I was wrong. Fifty per cent of our correspondents, many of them highly intelligent, have practically no self-confidence at all. They're favourite phrase is, "What's the use?" or "What's the good of it?" . . . But at the end of the Course they say, "Pelmanism has reorganised my whole life." And it's *true*! We have *thousands* of such testimonies.

That old saying about the value of *trying* needs only one additional word to make it modern :—

"You never know what you can do until you try—Pelmanism."

Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, lived to be 57 before he discovered his ability to compose music. The discovery came by chance. Your own self-discoveries need not be left to chance. Pelmanism will bring out your hidden abilities as well as develop those of which you are conscious. Knowing this, why do you hold back?

It cannot be the fee, for that is moderate enough in view of the variety and extent of the present services rendered. Your mental needs are supplied by a competent examiner who applies Pelman principles to your individual requirements. This is equivalent to private tuition. Besides, if two or three applicants enrol together they can claim an appreciable reduction. Remember, finally, that an increase in mental power is cheap at any price.

The object of this letter is to *rouse* you to action. Will it succeed? I hope so. Helvetius tells us that Sir Isaac Newton did not *see* the apple fall: *it fell on his head*. In that sense the law of gravitation was not a discovery. It was a *concussion*. I would fain hope that there is enough concussive jolt in this communication to make you realise the immense importance of Pelmanism to your happiness and success.

And I would ask every reader of "The Passing Show" to send for a free copy of "THE SCIENCE OF SUCCESS," and to read in its pages the tributes paid to Pelmanism by famous men and women who speak of this Course of training from personal experience of the benefits they have received. Act NOW.

Sincerely,
W. J. ENNEVER.

PELMAN Free Travel Scholarships are open to all Students above the age of 18. The Scholarships are divided into four classes of competitors; (1) Manual Workers; (2) Professional Men and Women; (3) Manufacturers and Traders; and (4) Clerks and all engaged in clerical duties. Full particulars will be sent with a copy of the free book, "The Science of Success."

Write or send the coupon below for a copy of the Free Book, "The Science of Success," address The Secretary, The Pelman Institute, 33 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK TO-DAY

To The Pelman Institute, 33, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Please send me, free and post free, a copy of "The Science of Success," with full particulars of the Pelman Course.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Occupation ..... *All correspondence is confidential.*

PELMAN (OVERSEAS) INSTITUTES: PARIS, 80, Boulevard Haussmann. NEW YORK, 271, North Avenue. New Rochelle. MELBOURNE, 396, Flinders Lane. JOHANNESBURG, P.O. Box 4928. DURBAN, Natal Bank Chambers (P.O. Box 1489). DELHI, 10, Alipore Rd., CALCUTTA, 102, Clive St., AMSTERDAM, Damrak 68

"They take it"

As an aid to perfect physical fitness, there is no substitute for Seagers Egg Flip, for this full-strength compound is an unrivalled creator of warmth and vitality.

Remember, it is made with the yolks only of guaranteed English new-laid eggs, and the finest imported wines : a most palatable combination of undoubted health-giving properties.

SEAGERS EGG FLIP

THE BRACER THAT BUILDS YOU UP

5/6

PER FULL-SIZE BOTTLE

"THE LANCET" says—

"This 'flip' is a convenient and agreeable form of taking eggs. In addition, it is an obvious food tonic which is available for consumption at a moment's notice, and therefore particularly suited for use in the sick room."

THE HOUSE OF SEAGER — ESTABLISHED 1805

DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN — FOR OVER 130 YEARS

ON *with*

WOMAN to WOMAN

by Isabel Aldridge

ROUND and round the fairies dance, little feet daintily pointed, little hands gaily fluttering, to the tinkle of the piano and the magic words :

"*And* one, *and* two ! *And* one, *and* two !"

But suddenly there is confusion in their midst. One of the fairies has been transformed into a mountain pony and is causing havoc among the dancers. The music and the incantation cease.

"No, Tony, dear," the recalcitrant one is gently admonished, "we aren't being ponies now. That was the last dance. We're fairies now."

But such fine distinctions mean very little to Tony's two-and-a-half-year-old mind. He feels that he is much better fitted for the rôle of pony than that of fairy and so he continues gravely to prance and bound. Tactfully but firmly the dancing teacher shepherds him into a corner where his activities will not impede those of the rest of the class, and the fairies commence once more to flutter.

A great deal of tact and patience, besides a knowledge of dancing, is needed to conduct a class of children. A discreet handling of the fond mothers who sit and watch their offspring's terpsichorean antics is almost as important as instructing Molly how to keep time to the music and in preventing Derek from giving a too unrestrained interpretation of "Jack and Jill." Molly's mother obviously thinks she has a dancing future before her, while Derek's parent can scarcely refrain from commenting on the clumsiness of the rest of the pupils in impeding her son's progress.

A star pupil was lost to one teacher through her inability to memorise names.

"Just once more, children," she said, "and perhaps Joyce will try to point her toes a little more this time."

As it was obvious to everybody that the child could not possibly point her toes more without some alteration in the shape of her foot, the pupil was withdrawn from the class by her indignant mother. It was unfortunate for the teacher that it was not until the next day that she remembered the name of the girl who did not point her toes. It was Phyllis.

But the task of controlling a dozen small children (even complete with parent apiece) is a mere nothing when compared with the super-human effort needed to teach one elderly gentleman to tango. There seems to be something about the tango which impels otherwise perfectly normal middle-aged business men to take up dancing. Perhaps the rhythm of the languorous Southern music stirs them to one last effort to reach romance before finally sinking into a slippered old age. I have yet to meet the man who, after witnessing an exhibition of the rumba or carioca, felt impelled himself to be instructed in the intricacies of the dance, whereas the tango has, quite commonly, this result.

The life of a dancing teacher is, at best, a wearying one. Classes commence at nine-thirty a.m. and very often continue, with short intervals, until ten-thirty p.m. The mornings are usually devoted to private lessons of various kinds. Girls who are themselves hoping to be teachers one day are instructed in all branches of dancing from Greek to ballet, from musical comedy to tap. The afternoon is divided between private lessons in ballroom dancing and children's classes. But it is in the evening that the real work of the day commences.

It is then that business girls, anxious for proficiency in the art of tap dancing, set to work. No amount of effort deters these young ladies during a strenuous hour, for they know that not only are they acquiring an enviable accomplishment but, at the same time, their figures are becoming visibly slighter. This is a session that the teacher usually enjoys. There is an atmosphere of gaiety and enthusiasm about a class of business girls.

After this, the ballroom classes start. These are regarded by the young men and women who attend them as much a social function as a means to improve their dancing technique. The teacher, while anxious to make them all into good dancers, has always to bear this fact in mind. Although Miss X's steps might fit in perfectly with those of Mr. Y, it is obvious Miss X prefers practising with Mr. Z. And, although she encourages her pupils to exchange partners as much as possible, the dancing mistress would not dream of nipping in the bud what promises to be quite a romance. So it happens that Mr. Z finds himself paired with Miss X and if their interpretation of the quick-step is not exactly according to rules, they are blissfully unaware of the fact.

One teacher told me that, although very often these affairs culminated in happy marriages, the people were invariably ruined as far as dancing was concerned.

"It is almost impossible to teach married couples," she said. "The lesson is interrupted with constant bickerings and recriminations. Each spouse accuses the other of any mistake that occurs. I am, of course, in the unhappy position of arbitrator—an unenviable office—although

---

SERVICE for Women Readers in housecraft, mothercraft, dress, beauty and all practical feminine problems is free from the Advice Service, "The Passing Show," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose a stamped envelope with your query.

the DANCE!

the other day I received what I consider to be a great compliment from one of these complaining husbands.

"'Can't you possibly remember to start on your *left* foot?' he inquired bitterly of his wife.

"'I *did*!' was the indignant reply.

"As the husband was the culprit in this instance, I felt I must intervene.

"'You did it very well with me just now,' I soothed him.

"'Of course,' he replied, 'but you have no legs!' and he glared malevolently at his wife's limbs. Apparently they were altogether too much in evidence when the couple danced together."

I asked a friend of mine why she chose to teach rather than go on the stage, for she is a brilliant dancer.

"I earn a good living as a teacher," she explained, "without the awful drudgery of dragging round the provinces as a chorus girl. In any case, I have the thrill of appearing in public when I give my displays."

To be proficient enough to conduct classes in Ballroom, Ballet, Greek, Character, National, Musical Comedy, and Tap dancing, the instructress had to undergo a long and strenuous training. Most girls who are good enough dancers to contemplate becoming teachers, have been dancing since they were children, but the actual training in teaching takes about three years. Not only does the pupil have to pass examinations in all the practical branches of the art, but in some cases there are theoretical written papers to be answered before obtaining a degree. To be a member of the Association of Teachers of the Revived Greek Dance for instance, one has to have a sound knowledge of Greek history, architecture, art, etc.

There is a decided revival of interest in Greek dancing at the present moment, and its popularity is steadily increasing. Those of us who would fain lose a few pounds of excessive weight find more pleasure in relinquishing it to the graceful movements of the dances of Ancient Greece than to the dull if beneficial exercises of "Arms bend, arms stretch!"

Finalists in a big dance contest—theirs is a test of poise as well as skill.

For acrobatic dancing, one must have a thorough grounding in the study of anatomy. Ignorance of this might be the cause of straining different parts of the body during the acrobatic movements and could have serious results.

As is the case with all teachers, training never ceases. Taking a degree is by no means the end of learning. New ballroom dances appear every year, and the teachers have to be expert in them all. For this purpose, the Official Board of Ballroom Dancing calls a congress every summer to discuss which, out of the many suggested steps and dances, shall be adopted as standard. Experts demonstrate them to the hundreds of teachers who come from all parts of England.

So many ideas appear in films, for instance, that it would be impracticable to introduce them all. A judicious sifting is therefore necessary, bearing in mind that the average ballroom dancer is usually somewhat conservative and shy of attempting anything which would make him at all conspicuous.

Agreement is not always reached without a struggle. On one memorable occasion the proceedings were held up for nearly an hour when a large number of teachers found themselves in disagreement with a decision of the committee. Stamping their feet and clapping their hands, they chanted monotonously:

"We want Midway Rhythm! We want Midway Rhythm!"

An instance of the inevitable clash between the needs of Mayfair and Mudbury-on-the-Creek led to a spirited exchange between their representatives.

"It is obvious," declared the former, "that the Carioca must be included in the new season's dances."

"And what would the Vicar say to all that leg wagging?" demanded the teacher from the little village. The answer to this query was lost amidst the ensuing laughter.

Apart from all technical dancing knowledge, the girl who makes a real success of a dancing academy has to be musical and have a good business head. Advertising counts a lot towards obtaining pupils, and the right choice of neighbourhood for the studio. Parents who think that a fair aptitude for dancing is all that is needed if their daughter is to succeed in this profession, will be sadly disillusioned.

The teachers who are able to make up their own dance routines have an added source of income at their command. They can sell these to their colleagues who are unable to arrange them for themselves.

Most dancing schools give a display of their work once a year, the proceeds usually being devoted to a local charity. This is the one chance the instructress gets of appearing on the stage for, although she may have no ambition to be a professional in that sense, what dancer can resist the glamour of the footlights? This performance makes up for a lot of the drudgery of piloting heavy-footed pupils through the intricacies of waltz and foxtrot.

I don't mind work... *but I do hate drudgery!*

I must have a HOOVER for Spring-cleaning this year.

With spring-cleaning staring you in the face . . . with its hours and days of back-breaking drudgery ahead . . . make up your mind *now*, to own the Hoover you've always wanted. The cost? That isn't a problem; only 10/- down and small monthly payments. It's the most wonderful way to free yourself for ever from house-cleaning drudgery. It *beats* your carpets without your having to take them up. Never has a cleaner operated so easily. An effortless glide over your floors, and the Hoover not only gets *all* the dirt out; it prolongs the life of your carpets! *There isn't a Hoover owner who doesn't bless the day she bought it.* Send the coupon below for booklet giving full details of all Hoover cleaners. It's free and there's no obligation.

now only **10/-** *down*

The HOOVER *JUNIOR*

The HOOVER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

By Appointment

It BEATS... *as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

By Appointment

COUPON

To: HOOVER LIMITED, Dept. P.S.1, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex. Please send me without obligation your booklet describing your Hoover cleaners.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

LOST 3 st. 7 lbs.

Reduced
Bust - - 8 inches
Hips - - 6 "
Waist - 9 "

IMAGINE the joy of this grateful lady whose letter we publish below! She was burdened with 3 st. 7 lb. of surplus fat! **But SILF Brand Obesity Tablets removed that awful burden and made her not only slim, but 10 years younger in feelings and ever so fit and well!** Silf is Nature's Own Remedy for Obesity. It removes surplus fat without recourse to Dangerous Drugs, Starvation Diets, Weakening Purging or Body-straining Exercises. And it accompanies the weight reduction with a restoration of Health and Strength!

"Why! Madam, how wonderful! You are quite slim once more and you can wear fashionable gowns again!"

"Yes, and it is all due to SILF. It has taken away STONES of ugly fat and, what is more, I feel better in health than I have done for years!"

This photo shows the charming "Sylph-like" Figure admired by all.

Dear Sirs,
I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb.
I feel absolutely fit and well always, and ten years younger. My age is 36, and everybody tells me I do not look it thanks to Silf for making me slim again. I can thoroughly recommend it and do so wherever I can.
I forgot to tell you my measurements were: Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are: Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference. With everlasting thanks,
Yours sincerely, (Sgd.) V. P.

7 Days' Trial

You are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets, and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3 3/- and 5/- PER BOX

Silf BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

You save money by purchasing the larger sizes.

From all Chemists or post free by sending the price to:—
THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 60H), 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.
No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

With the air of a Caesar leading a triumphal march into Rome, the waiter led Eva and Art to the table.

Mighty *like a* Star

COMPLETE STORY BY

RICHARD CONNELL

ONE last look in the mirror door of her bathroom and then off and away!

That look told Eva that she was very nearly pretty that day, and certainly smart—as smart, anyhow, as a girl can be who must dress on fifteen dollars a week, and eat and sleep on it, too.

She stood on a peak of ecstatic expectancy only attained in the early twenties and not often then. The glass told her that her new dress, printed silk with canary tulips on a background of vivid red, caught and held the eye, and that her new hat, of fragile carmine straw, was remarkably stunning. Those extra-long black eyelashes, a daring experiment, were a success, too, and well worth the hour she had spent attaching them. They, and the carefully etched raven eyebrows contrasted with her rather pale face and straw-hued, elaborately curled hair, and gave her, she decided, allure, just as the salesgirl had promised they would; and allure was the gift for which Eva had long and fervently, though not very confidently, prayed.

Often, before this day of days, she had taken stock of herself, as all girls do, and her point-by-point inventory had disclosed little allure among her assets. She wanted to be a mere five feet tall but couldn't unless she cut eight inches from her long, slender legs. She wanted to be soft and round, not loosely knit and rangy. She hated her hands, which suggested all too clearly that she had spent her girlhood milking cows on her father's farm in Minnesota; and she loathed her feet, which nature had made all too ample and which standing all day behind the girdle counter in Brownston's Hollywood Bazaar had not tended to diminish.

Sometimes, in more optimistic moods, she thought her features were not so bad, in spite of their lack of colour and animation. But her name! It began, glamorously enough. Eva, and then tumbled ingloriously to Oosterbaan. And her voice! It was low and not unpleasant, but her accent left no doubt that she had been born and bred an Oosterbaan.

HOW could she, so handicapped, hope to attract the dashing, debonair Arty—the much-sought-after Arty Anson? And yet, miraculously, she had. Even now he was waiting for her outside her dwelling. Arty was waiting in his much gadgeted scarlet sports model to take her to lunch, and what made it completely perfect, to lunch at the Brown Derby where the picture stars went. It was their first date. Reassured by what her mirror told her, Eva resolved it would not be their last.

Generally when Arty Anson breezed into Hollywood to sell knit goods to Brownston's, he took out Bette Corey, who modelled in the misses' sportswear. Eva detested and despised Bette and would have given anything to be exactly like her.

Why Arty, with the whole staff to choose from, picked Bette was a mystery to Eva. She saw it as the one flaw in Arty's otherwise impeccable taste. Arty was obviously a man of the world; he had looks and clothes; the casual way he referred to Clark, Freddy, Kate and Joanie let you know that he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Gable, Mr. March, Miss Hepburn and Miss Crawford; and, from stray remarks he dropped, it could be surmised that his profile had been admired in more exalted circles than Brownston's, and that under those nonchalant vests a constant struggle went on as to whether he should accept tempting offers to embrace a screen career, or remain true to the wholesale knit goods trade.

Only yesterday morning Eva had considered a tryst with him as a possibility so remote that it could be met with only in a dream; and now it was on the brink of being a reality.

In the morning a rumour had rippled through the store that Arty was in town on one of his regular selling expeditions, and there was much powdering of noses and touching-up of lips in all departments.

HE took Bette Corey out to lunch, and she came back with an even more pronounced pout than usual.

To Gwen Flynn, who modelled negligees, Bette said, "He's no gentleman, that's what he ain't. I told him so. I said, 'Okay, big boy, if I never see you again, that'll be okay by me,' and he said, 'Okay,' and I said, 'Okay,' and left him flat."

This news raced all over the store in twenty minutes. More powdering and rouging were done. Late that afternoon, Arty, jaunty in brown gabardine, strolled into Eva's section. Bette Corey was standing at Eva's counter, but Arty pointedly ignored her. He approached Eva and said:

"How's about eating with me at the Brown Derby to-morrow?"

"Me?" said Eva, weakly, incredulously.

"That's who, girlie."

All she had been able to murmur was, "Okay." Then she had tapped her thin supply of capital and had bought a complete new outfit. The Brown Derby—and with Arty!

In the three years she'd been in Hollywood, her only dates had been with Matt Nelson, who came from the same region in Minnesota and who lived at the other end of her bungalow court. Matt's idea of a big evening was to grip her elbow with a freckled paw, steer her down Hollywood Boulevard to Lum Low's for chop suey, and afterward to a balcony seat at The Egyptian Theatre, and then to escort her home and bid her good night early so he could go to the dairy and load up his truck for his morning milk route.

Matt never said much. He was not in Arty's world when it came to conversation or haberdashery; but he was steady and sturdy, and Eva liked him, because she read a dumb adoration in his round, blue, Scandinavian eyes. But she had had a tiff with him because he committed the social error of calling for her in the white uniform of his vocation. She'd felt sad about their estrangement, but it didn't matter now. What could matter now with Arty Anson waiting for her?

She turned from her final inspection of herself. She heard Arty's trick horn sounding an impatient "How dry I am." As she turned, the sole of her new high-heeled pump skidded on the slippery surface of a slab of soap lurking on the bathroom floor.

A cry, a clutch, a splash, and Eva

(*Continued on page 32*)

Ambrose Wilson

offering best value in fashionable wear

AT NO EXTRA COST FOR EASY TERMS

SLIM LINES GUARANTEED
When Wearing
MODEL SEVEN AMBRON CORSET

MODEL SEVEN

Nowadays Woman's aim is to be slim, and this desire can be easily realised by discriminating Corset wearers. The **MODEL SEVEN AMBRON CORSET** is an up-to-date garment in dainty Pink Washing Satin, hooking at side, with Rayon elastic insets at waist. It is suitable for both small and full figures, has a front lacing, which, even when open, gives support by a wide steel inserted in shield under lacing. Elastic insets at hips ensure perfect freedom of movement. Sizes: 22-36 in. Waist.

Full Price 8/11 Only.

1/- DEPOSIT

Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/-monthly. Postage 6d.

THE AMBRON NU-STYLE CORSELETTE

The "Nu-Style," with its unique extending back, expands and contracts with every movement, eliminating once and for all any possibility of the garment "riding up." Moreover, this wonderful Corselette, in strong striped pink coutille, has combined soft web net brassiere, spiral steel back supports, underbelt abdomen control with side fastening, surgical elastic insets, rustproof steels and four suspenders—*every* feature you could wish for is incorporated in "Nu-Style" the world's finest Corset.

N.S.

For style, comfort and sheer value, you cannot buy any other Corset to approach it at anywhere near its price.
Sizes: 30-46 in.

Full Price 8/11 Only.

1/- DEPOSIT

Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/-monthly. Postage 4d.

C218

Fashion's Latest Coat

C218. Double-breasted tailored Coat in heavy-weight woollen Melton cloth, lined throughout strong Sateen. Collar is convertible and makes it extremely suitable for present-day wear. Semi-fitting 3-seam back, with 14-in. vent. Half belt across back, finished two buttons. Two useful welted pockets.
Sizes: SW. 44, 46, 48 in.; W. 48, 50 in.; WX. 49 in., 2/6 extra, O.S. 49 in., 3/6 extra.
Colours: Navy, Autumn Brown.

Full Price 14/11

1/6 DEPOSIT

Sent on approval for 1/6, balance 2/6 monthly Postage 9d.

K437

Charming Afternoon Model

K437. In good quality Art. Silk Marocain, every detail equalling a garment sold at 21/-. Skirt has good width, cut on the cross.
SIZES: SW. 44, 46 in.; W. 46, 48, 50 in.; WX. 49 in. (WX. 1/- extra).
COLOURS: Bottle Green, Old Rose, Jubilee Blue, Nigger Brown, Black, Navy.

SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE, 9/11

1/- DEPOSIT

Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/-monthly. Postage 6d.

DR114

Ambron Bargain for the Full Figure

DR114. In Art. Silk Marocain, printed in pheasant-eye design. Crossway cut skirt. Tie-belt at back.
SIZES: Hips, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56 in.
LENGTHS: 44, 46, 48, 50 in. (52 in., 2/6 extra).
COLOURS: Jubilee Blue, Brown, Wine, Navy, Black.

As each garment is **specially made** for each customer there will be a short delay in delivery.

Full Price 12/11

SEND NOW—You Will Be Delighted.

1/6 DEPOSIT

Sent on approval for 1/6, balance 2/-monthly. Postage 6d.

K441

A Very Special Bargain

K441. In All Wool Afgalaine; newest leg-of-mutton sleeve. Collar and bow of sand crepe matches white buttons and leather belt. Pleat at centre front.
COLOURS; Royal Blue, Nut Brown, Kenya Red, Gloucester Green, and Light Navy.
SIZES: SW. 44, SW. 46, W. 46, W. 48, and WX. 49 in. (WX. 1/- extra).

Full Price 9/11

1/- DEPOSIT

Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/-monthly. Postage 6d.

Send this Bargain Coupon Now!

HOW TO ORDER

Just fill in the Coupon for the Bargain you want and enclose with FULL NAME (Mrs. or Miss) AND ADDRESS and Postal Order for amount of deposit and postage. *Overseas full cash only.* Please cross P.O. thus / / in ink. Write very plainly and post without delay.

Please send me, on approval, Garment as requested, at present Bargain Price stated above. I enclose the necessary deposit, together with postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by the stated monthly instalments. If I return the article unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit.

Post Order to—

Bargain..... No.....

Colour.....

Frock Size..... Length.....
(Give Hip and Length measures for DR114.)

Corset (Waist)..... (Hips).....

Corselette (Bust)..... (Hips).....

Coat Size..... Length.....

Passing Show, 22/2/36.

AMBROSE WILSON LIMITED, 286 AMBRON HOUSE, 60 VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

A FAMOUS ACTRESS GIVES AWAY A SECRET

It was at a very smart Society function that a celebrated actress, discussing the technique of her Art, asked why French women were so much more animated in conversation than English women.

She said: "Watch a French woman when she is talking, every phrase is accentuated by graceful gestures of the hands; it is a perfectly natural gift, there is no studied effect, no trace of artificiality or pose about it; every 'geste' adds a subtle charm and meaning to her words." The secret was out, her listeners realised that a great deal of the personal magnetism on the stage of this famous actress was due to the appeal of her own beautiful expressive hands, and one saw at a glance that she was proud of them.

English women are not of the temperament to talk with their hands, but the English woman is waking up to the fact that hands tell a tale, give one's age away, and can spoil the effect of beautiful jewels and lovely gowns.

The cult of hand beauty is getting a firm grip on people in all stations in life. The Society woman proudly displays her beautiful hands in playing bridge.

The County woman who plants her own tulips and daffodils no longer allows her hands to advertise her hobby. One's glance is attracted by the little typist's white hands fluttering over the keys; even the hands of the parlour-maid betray that she is copying her mistress.

It really entails so little trouble, just a little Dubarry's Crème Shalimar massaged into the hands every night at bedtime. Even the very first application effects a marvellous improvement.

In the words of the "Indian Love Lyrics," from which Dubarry's Crème Shalimar derived its name, everyone can now easily obtain the fascinating beauty of

"Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds,"

even though they are far away from the romantic banks of the Shalimar river. Dubarry Crème Shalimar is sold in tubes at 6d. and 1/3 by Chemists and Stores.

Rub out stiffness

Swollen joints, suffering muscles, are due to congestion. They need something to get the blood-stream going, sweeping away the impediment. Nothing will do that as well as a VOLATOL rub. A healing, soothing heat-bath, that penetrates and spreads, promotes circulation, smooths out stiffness and carries the pain away!

VOLATOL

TAKES PAINS

STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, TIGHT CHESTS, RHEUMATISM, ETC.

Of Chemists. *Thos. Kerfoot & Co., Ltd.*

CONTINUING Mighty *like a* Star

spun round, toppled over and fell into the bath.

Her head bumped against a faucet and she lay for a moment, slightly stunned, in the tepid water. When she scrambled out and saw what the fall had done to her gala attire, she burst into the loud, hopeless sobs of one who, after much buffeting, had been dealt one final, finishing blow by the spiteful fist of fate.

Black tears ran down her cheeks from the ruins of her eyelashes. Her dank dress clung to her clammily. Her hat, so crisp, so becoming a few fatal seconds before, was now as formless and forlorn as a dish of strawberry ice cream left in the sun. She plucked the limp hat off and beheld a fresh cause for grief. Her hair, artfully arranged in dozens of tight little ringlets, was now as innocent of wave as a goldfish bowl. It hung straight, stringy, soppy.

Through her tears, real and mascara, she saw, crowning horror of all, that where her eye had smacked against the tap a sizable purple-green puff was looming up. Eva wished she were dead; or, better still, that she had never been born at all.

But, since she had made the mistake of being born, she realised she must do something more positive than stand there, dripping and crying. Her impulse was to run to the window and call out to Arty that she had suddenly been laid low by some dread disease; but she nipped that notion off short, for she had heard of the infrequency of opportunity's knock.

She squirmed out of her drenched garments and scurried to her clothes closet though she knew full well it contained nothing suitable. Her old silk dress was at the dyers. Her solitary evening dress wouldn't do, of course. Her two cotton dresses were in the laundry. That narrowed her choice down to her brown workaday dress—and the old cream suit.

To wear her store uniform even if she ripped the letters B. B. from its bosom, was unthinkable. So, still sniffling, she reluctantly dragged the old suit out of its nest of moth balls. It was of that undistinguished tweed that is turned out by the mile, and it was a parting present from her Uncle Ole, the tailor, when she left her home town.

It had the merit of being simple and fitting her fairly well, but for so festive an occasion, so bright a day, it was singularly inappropraite, Eva knew, even as she struggled into it. But a cold desperation was on her now. She had that reckless courage that comes to a girl when she knows that nothing worse can happen to her than has already happened.

She rubbed the streaks of tears, make-up and hat dye from her face and jammed down on her partly dried hair the soft black felt hat she wore on rainy days. For her saturated pumps she substituted her only other available footwear, a pair of low-heeled sport shoes.

She tried to smother her black eye in cold cream and powder but the result was a ghastly mess. So she fished out a pair of amber-tinted sunglasses and put them on. Then, with long strides, she marched defiantly out to Arty Anson.

He surveyed her with a startled stare.

"Oh, is that you?" he said. His tone did not suggest pleasure. "Didn't know you at first. Well, anyhow, hop in and we'll go places."

His roadster shot away at that mad pace customary in the City of Impossible Distances, where visiting Easterners get the impression that all motorists are morons studying to be maniacs.

"Lovely day," ventured Eva.

"Is it?" said Arty, beating a stop light. "Do you like chop suey?"

"No."

"You can get other stuff at Lum Low's."

Eva drew in her breath sharply. She made an effort and said:

"But aren't we going to the Brown Derby?"

"It's like this," returned Arty. "Today's a holiday, so nobody will be there. All the picture crowd will be out somewhere playing polo, or something; so the Derby wouldn't be much fun to-day——"

"It would be for me," said Eva.

She knew this was nervy, and she didn't care. She sensed she had lost Arty and she made up her mind to salvage from that wreck of a day at least a glimpse into the enchanted realms of the renowned restaurant where she had never been.

"Okay," grunted Arty, and yanked his car round the corner into Vine Street. He came to a stop before the Brown Derby.

At the door the stargazers were waiting. They are always waiting at some gate which never seems to open to them. They were clustered about the canopied entrance, a score of more of them, their eyes avid, worshipful, wistful, and in their hands the little autograph albums which is the badge of all their tribe.

"Wait for me while I park the bus," said Arty.

"I'll wait yoost inside," said Eva.

She had to run the gauntlet of eyes alone. She made the door with long, swinging strides. Something suddenly stilled the chatter of the stargazers, and Eva saw that they were goggling after her. She pushed into the lobby.

As Arty approached the door with slow, resigned steps he was thinking, "Some of the mob may be there and they'll rib me for taking out this scarecrow."

A skinny hand attached to a trout-faced man reached out and clutched Arty's coat-tails.

"Please, can I have your autograph?" said the man.

Arty did not try to get away. A glow suffused him. He had been a witness of similar scenes but never before a principal. He knew the technique.

"Why, certainly. Delighted," he said, with a gracious smile, and inscribed G. Arthur Anson in the proffered album in a bold hand.

"Thanks a million," said the trout-faced man.

"A pleasure," said Arty. Then curiosity conquered him. "But why do you want my autograph?" he inquired. "Do you know who I am?"

"No, mister," said the trout-faced man. "I don't know you from a bowl of beans, but you must be somebody if you're with *her*."

He said "her" reverently.

This information made G. Arthur Anson, for a moment, incapable of speech or movement. In the seconds he stood there he heard the buzz of excited talk among the stargazers.

"That was her, all right," declared a pudgy woman in an unfortunate hat.

"But she don't go out in public," objected a lank high-school girl in slacks.

"It's her, I tell you," insisted the pudgy woman. "She dresses like that, talks like that, walks like that——"

"Let's wait," said the girl.

Perplexed, Arty entered the lobby. Knots of patrons were waiting for places. Arty held up two fingers.

"Psssssst! Frank! Table for two," he called to the head waiter; but that dignitary regarded him with stony eyes.

"You'll have to wait your turn, sir," he said politely, but with finality; and then his gaze fell upon Eva and his spine turned to rubber.

"So sorry," he apologised. "I didn't know you were with the lady. I'll have a table ready for you immediately, sir."

He made imperious gestures.

"You prefer a corner, of course, sir?"

"Why, yes—of course. A corner," said Arty, slightly dizzy.

By the exercise of that black magic known only to head waiters, two tables were made to bloom where there was barely room for one. With the air of a Caesar leading a triumphal march into Rome, the head waiter led Eva and Arty to the table, and ceremoniously seated her. He bent over Arty.

"If you'd care to have a screen, sir——"

"Screen?"

"I thought the lady might prefer it."

"Ay tenk it's all right like this," said Eva, almost truculently.

"As you wish, of course," said the head waiter, and backed away.

"The nerve of him," said Eva. "Yoost because Ay ain't all dressed up he wants to put a screen around me."

Not one, but two captains hovered about them, waiting to take their order.

"Cocktail?" asked Arty, automatically. He was more than a bit bewildered.

"No, tenk you."

"Then what would you like?"

"Oysters, lobster and pistache ice cream," replied Eva, promptly and firmly, for she had made her mind up on that point the night before.

"Make mine the same," murmured Arty.

This restaurant, like all others in the fabulous land of filmdom, had its quota of starers. Arty Anson became aware that his table was coming in for considerably more staring than his unusual vest or his position in the knit-goods industry entitled him to. Eva hung her head. A keen need for stimulants assailed Arty.

"I'm going to the bar," he said. "I see a guy I know. Big shot. Excuse me."

"Sure," said Eva wretchedly.

Leaning morosely against the bar was a spherical man of many chins, Max Murray, agent, who sold actors and writers the way another merchant sells pants or paint.

"Remember me, Mr. Murray?" said Arty.

"No."

"Met you at the Legion fights," said Arty. "The name's Anson. Knit goods."

"Don't want any," said Mr. Murray.

Arty had a double whisky and returned to his table just as the oysters arrived.

"This is an elegant place," said Eva.

"Glad you like it," said Arty.

A waiter genuflected and said in Arty's ear:

"Mr. Max Murray asks if you will be so kind as to see him at the bar for a minute," the waiter said.

Arty went to the bar and saw a changed Max Murray—a beaming affable Murray, who oozed cordiality.

"Have a snort with me, Anson?" he invited.

"Sure."

"Guess I must be tight," said Mr. Murray. "Got you mixed up with another fella—a guy named Anderson. Sure I remember you. Been meaning to look you up. Well, here's luck, though you don't need it, I guess."

"Huh?" said Arty.

"Stepping high, ain't you?" remarked Mr. Murray, archly. Arty noticed that Mr. Murray's eyes were fixed on Eva, as she nervously dipped her oysters in the cocktail sauce.

Arty heard Mr. Murray say, "How's chances of meeting the little lady?"

HURT at PLAY—

£10

HE was as eager for the game organised by the cubmistress as all the others in the Wolf Cub Pack. Suddenly something happened. He was lying on the field—with a broken collar bone.

His parents had medical fees to pay, little bedside luxuries to be bought—all an *additional* tax on the home exchequer.

Fortunately they had filled in the simple Registration Forms for "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. "The Passing Show" promptly sent them a cheque for £10—the benefit provided under the Boy and Girl Organisations Section of its Great Free Insurance Gift.

Among the various organisations included in this section of our Free Insurance Gift are Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, or any body affiliated to the Boy Scouts or Girl Guides Associations—Boys Brigade, Church Lads' Brigade, Girls' Life Brigade, League of Youth and Naval or Sea Scouts.

Not only for their own sakes, but for their children's sakes, parents should fill up the forms for "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift on page 39 right away.

This Insurance Gift protects father, mother and children. One registration covers husband, wife and children (over 6 and under 15).

Turn to page 39 NOW and fill up the forms.

MOTHERS LEARNING MANY USES OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned. That's the time 'Milk of Magnesia' performs the greatest service for many women.

It relieves the expectant mother's nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps her digestion. Its mild but effective laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

'Milk of Magnesia' is better than lime water for neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding. A teaspoonful of it does the work of half a pint of lime water. It is a mild laxative; harmless, and almost tasteless.

Of all chemists. Prices : 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 1/- per box—family size bottle 2/-. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

a word about beautiful skin . .

Nothing is so attractive as the clear beauty of a perfect skin. Skin beauty belongs to every woman, and it is her duty to preserve and enhance it.

More important than any cosmetic is the beautifying influence of a fine quality Toilet Soap — PEERLESS ERASMIC.

Peerless Erasmic is blended from the purest and finest oils—"creamed" no less than *twenty-six* times to ensure a wonderful silkiness and richness of lather which will at once cleanse and tone up your skin.

Further, the special *HERBAL* essences impart a delightful fragrance which will harmonize with your favourite perfume.

PEERLESS
ERASMIC
SOAP

ERP 276-332

The Policeman

chewed a

FEEN-A-MINT & constipation was "arrested"

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative ; thorough and safe ; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. S.4), 137 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

Carters
INVALID FURNITURE

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF INVALID FURNITURE, AT PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

FOLDING CHAIRS OF SUPERIOR DESIGN from £1.15.0
Write for Catalogue 6 K

SELF-PROPELLING CHAIRS from £5.15.0
Write for Catalogue 4 K

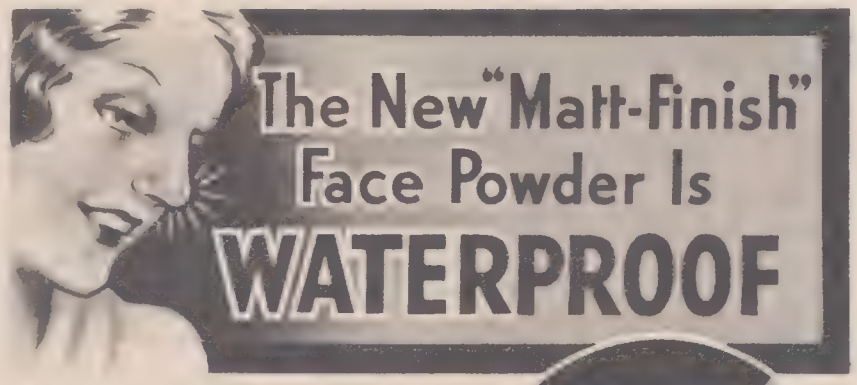
ADJUSTABLE TABLES for READING, MEALS and WRITING from 22/-
Write for Catalogue 4 K

INVALID TRICYCLES OF ALL TYPES from £24.15.0
Write for Catalogue 9 K

The "CARSTAIRS" WHEEL CARRYING CHAIR from £4.5.0
Write for Catalogue 4 K

We are always pleased to give advice and the benefit of our long experience without obligation. As we make so very many types please state your requirements as clearly as possible.

125, 127, 129
GT. PORTLAND ST. LONDON, W.1
Phone: Langham 1999



The Most Sensational Discovery Since Face-Powder Was Invented

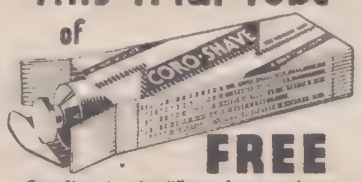
Now Science has discovered the cause of ugly 'skin-shine' and how it can be banished for ever. When using ordinary face powder, the natural moisture of the skin combines with the powder and forms a glistening paste—the powder *itself* shines. 'Double mousse of cream' in your face powder ends the trouble :—it makes the powder *moisture proof*.

NO MORE SHINY NOSES

You can prove it for yourself by the simple test here shown. Blending 'double mousse of cream' with the finest seven times silk-sifted powder is the new Tokalon process. This New Poudre Tokalon is the one powder that you can apply in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long, whatever you are doing. The one powder that gives a 'matt finish' complexion of fresh, girlish loveliness which neither wind, rain nor perspiration can spoil. Try a box to-day and see what a fascinating beauty it can give you.

Cover one finger with the new 'matt-finish' face powder. Dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out, and notice your finger is not wet and shiny *but perfectly dry and 'matt.'* The powder withstands the moisture because it contains 'double mousse of cream.' The same thing happens on your face. Even rain and perspiration cannot make your skin shiny when you use the new Poudre Tokalon. 6d. and 1/- a box.

This Trial Tube of



FREE

Coro-Shave is quite different from any shaving cream you have known before. No brush, no hot water—yet a cleaner, closer shave than you ever had by the old method. And there's no smarting or soreness after using Coro-Shave.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 85), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Please send me seven-day sample of Coro-Shave. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage and packing. *Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.*

Name _____

Address _____

cos 1-sce *This offer does not apply in I.F.S.*

HERE'S GOOD HEALTH!

de KUYPER'S
HEART LABEL
HOLLANDS

A BOOKLET—"*Here's Good Health*"—describing the manufacture and uses of de Kuyper's Heart Label Hollands will be sent post FREE on application to the Rotterdam Distillers. Address your card to John De Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Sq., London, E.C.3.

Yes, Sir! another Bright fellow

has changed to

BRYLCREEM

So many people have dry-scalp and that means dandruff and falling hair. Later on—baldness. Cheer up! BRYLCREEM will turn the driest scalp into the healthiest and the 'shabbiest' hair into the most lustrous. Fixes the hair naturally by its natural blended oils and tonic-ingredients. Fine stuff—try it and become one of its enthusiasts!

IN BOTTLES AND TUBES 1/-

The County Perfumery Co., London, N.W.10
royds 370a

CONTINUING Mighty *like a* Star

Before Arty could frame a reply, Mr Murray went on, rapidly, persuasively.

"I know she gets around three hundred thousand a picture, but that's nothing to what I'd get her. I know she likes to keep to herself, but if I could just meet her—just say hello, contact her, see——"

Art did see then. "I'd like to oblige a pal, Max," he said loftily, "but I got other plans for her."

"Of course I'd take good care of the guy who gave me an introduction to her," Mr. Murray said.

"I'll think it over," said Arty. "So long, Max. Be seeing you."

As he made his way across the great hall, Arty Anson was stopped by two acquaintances and offered drinks; and one of these men was no less a person than Fred Gannon, head of the Gannon Stores, who, hitherto, had always been in perpetual conference when Arty called. With dignity, Arty waved aside these offers of hospitality and joined Eva just as she began to explore her first lobster.

He was smiling the smile that had devastated hearts in every department store from Seattle to San Diego.

"Is everything okay, cutes?" he asked.

"Yes."

Arty snapped his fingers at a waiter. "Bottle of fizz," he ordered.

"Certainly, sir."

"But don't that cost an awful lot?" asked Eva.

Once more Arty turned on his million-candle-power smile.

"Money was made to spend on a swell dish like you, girlie," he said. "Having fun?"

"Ay am now," Eva smiled back.

The bubbles in the wine tickled her nose.

"Those people look at me so funny." she said.

"Ignore the saps," said Arty.

"Ay didn't mean to wear this old suit," Eva confided. "But it was all Ay had."

"It's a honey," declared Arty. "It's got chick. I like you in that number, babe. Makes you look a lot classier than those dames there with all their fancy frills. Anytime you go out with me, you just wear that suit. It'll be oke."

"Tenk you, Ay will," said Eva.

Arty leaned toward her. "Did anybody ever tell you that you got a charming voice?" he said.

"No," said Eva. "The girls poke fun at how Ay speak. Ay try to talk like them——"

"Don't," said Arty. "You're in a class by yourself. I like you the way you are."

"Do you, Arty?"

Eva's heart was thumping.

"You're aces with me, cutes," Arty said. "How about next Saturday? Can you get away?"

"Yes. Ay got some time off coming to me."

"Dandy," said Arty. "It's a date."

"We come here again maybe?"

"No, cutes," said Arty. "This is something extra-special. The Western Knit Goods Association is throwing a big party at the Coconut Grove—lunch, speeches, entertainers, dancing—just about the most important social event of the season. There'll be five-six hundred big knit goods men there with their wives or sweethearts."

"You want Ay should go with you?"

The change in her fortunes had made Eva a little dizzy.

"You bet I do," said Arty, warmly. "But of course I'll be taking a chance—I mean I know those fellas—a lotta sharp-shooters, and once they see you they'll try to cut me out. Guess I'd better play safe and not introduce you to any of 'em. Maybe I'm just a jealous fool—"

Eva did not know whether at that moment she was eating ice cream or cement.

Saturday came like a snail scaling a cliff. In the endless intervening days, Eva did her work like an automaton, not entirely certain whether she was selling girdles or locomotives. Now and then, through her haze of happiness, she saw the scowling visage of Bette Corey, who seemed to be mentally murdering her with stiletto looks. Eva felt sorry for her now.

Saturday came. Eva bounced out of bed at six. When she finished her bath she threw the traitor soap out of the window. After breakfast, she went to a beauty shoppe and told them to do everything to her they could for five dollars. She emerged with cheeks no longer palid, with eyebrows and lashes no longer faint, with her hair no longer straight.

She put on her freshly pressed red dress, and a hat almost the twin of the one that was drowned. She was ready just before eleven, so she sat in her room, not daring to stir lest she mar the perfection of her ensemble. She wanted Arty to be proud of her. She felt he could be proud of her that day even among the elite of the knit-goods world.

Exactly at noon Arty arrived, and he came for her in no common car but in a sleek, stately limousine with a liveried chauffeur.

Eva opened her door.

"Come in, Arty," she said.

He came in, just a foot or two, then stopped, surveyed her, and his smile switched to a frown.

"I thought you were going to wear your gray suit," he said.

"But, Arty," said Eva, "Ay couldn't wear that old thing to a party."

"Oh, couldn't you?" said Arty. "Why not? I like it. Put it on. And you'd better wear sunglasses. There's a terrible glare to-day."

"But, Arty, Ay want to look real nice for your friends," Eva said.

"You look nice enough dressed like you were the other day," said Arty.

"But Ay got this dress specially——"

Arty raked the red frock with disgruntled eyes.

"I don't like it," he said. "Wear the suit."

"To a party?" Eva faltered. "Oh, Ay couldn't. People would look funny at me, like they did before, and they'd pass remarks."

"I don't care if they do," said Arty. "So get a wiggle on or we'll be late. Will you slip on that suit?"

"No," said Eva. "It's not the right thing. Ay go like Ay am."

Arty lit a cigarette. His manner changed to one of cajolery.

"Now listen, cutes," he said, "will you do as I ask, as a favour to me? Will you?"

"But why?" said Eva.

"It's like this, girlie," Arty said. "It's all a joke, see. I told the fellas I was bringing a certain party—a well-known star, see—and when you're dressed up like you were on the Fourth, with that suit, and those glasses, you sort of look like her. Get it?"

They could hear Eva's alarm clock ticking. Then she said slowly:

"Yes, Ay tenk Ay get it."

"Atta babe," said Arty. "I knew you'd play ball. You can see if I walk in with you in that rig they'll all think I'm a fourflusher. Why, they'd laugh me right out of the knit-goods game. You wouldn't want that——"

"Wouldn't Ay?" said Eva.

"Be a sport," urged Arty. "Help me put this joke over——"

"Ay don't tenk it's a very good joke," said Eva. "Ay don't want to be somebody else."

Arty hurled his cigarette to the floor. Exasperation twisted his face.

"Lissen, you dumb Swede," he grated. "I took you out in the first place to peeve Bette Corey. It turned out you looked like somebody—and if you want to keep going round with me you'd better keep looking like somebody. So stop stalling. Put on that suit and those glasses. Understand?"

"Ay understand," said Eva.

She held open the door. Arty Anson stopped on the threshold to light a cigarette. A kick, sincere and accurate, propelled him headlong into the porch. His shapely nose scraped along the gravel. Behind him he heard the door slam.

Arty picked himself up and limped to the limousine. It was not until the imposing car had purred away that Eva began to cry, fairly quietly, into her, new, real linen handkerchief.

She checked herself in the middle of a sob when she heard a respectful but determined rap on her door.

It was Matt Nelson, in his white uniform, just getting home from work.

"What's the matter, Eva?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Ay don't like to see you cry for nothing," he said. "Ay mean you shouldn't ought to cry. It—it—hurts me."

"Then go away," said Eva.

He didn't go away. He put his arm clumsily around her shoulder.

"Please don't cry, Eva," he said gently. "You got no cause to cry. You got so much to make you laugh. You're so strong, and so fine and so beautiful—yoost like a princess you look——"

"Ay don't want to look like a princess," Eva wailed. "Ay don't want to look like anybody but myself."

"You do look like yourself," said Matt gravely, "and Ay tenk that's beautiful enough for anybody, Ay do——"

He took his arm from her shoulder and stood up.

"Well, goodbye, Eva," he said.

"Goodbye?"

"Yes. Ay go back home to Minnesota," Matt said. "Ay hate this town. So many trying to be what they are not. Ay came here because you came here, but now Uncle Gus leaves me his farm—six hundred acres and sixty-two of the best Guernseys in the state—so Ay tenk Ay go home now."

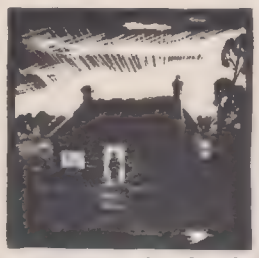
"Matt," said Eva, "wait a minute."

He sat down on the sofa beside her. She took his hard, work-worn hand in hers.

"Matt," she said, "Ay tenk Ay still can milk."

Country Cameos — *by S. L. Bensusan*

A Contrast



ON a cold and dreary night, when winter sat enthroned over a world filled with darkness, frost and fog, I turn over some of the diaries I have kept since I was in my "teens."

One of these recalls February days spent in the first cottage I ever rented, a tiny affair of weather-boarding, tiles, oak beams and oak floors set in a field at the far end of what is called a green lane, down which at that time of year you walked in strong heavy boots that had been dressed with mutton fat.

The soddened clay gripped; it was a nasty half-mile from the point where the carrier set you down, unless he had time to come to the cottage by the upper road, two miles out of his way.

The cottage was dependent on oil lamps; it was necessary to store coal before the roads made the going too heavy for a single horse cart. Tradesmen did not call, the place was remote from the main track, the postman paid just six visits in the week, you fetched milk in a jug and water in a 40-gallon tank on wheels from the nearest farm, three fields away.

It was necessary to hire the carrier for the long journey when coming from London, because you brought all essential stores with you and kept them in two tin trunks, out of the way of the mice. Yet my diary records a happy week snatched from London in the first days of the snowdrops.

To-night, as I write in a cottage equally remote from towns, the electric light defies the darkness, hot-water pipes help log fires to keep rooms warm, the supply of hot water will meet all demands of the bathroom, tradesmen arrive in motor-vans, telephone stands on desk.

I have not been alone. Orchestras from concert halls and singers from an opera house have kept me company, a well-informed gentleman has told me the most important happenings of the day, from his desk in London an editor has talked for a few moments, from a northern county an old friend.

What wonder if the faded diary appears to come out of another world?

LADIES' and GENTS.'

WATERPROOF — UNBREAKABLE WATCH

GUARANTEED 7 YEARS AGAINST BREAKAGES

Yours for 5/- down

This great offer open to all Readers of "Passing Show" enables you to own, now, a watch that is world famous for its absolute reliability under all conditions.

Now available in ladies' sizes

WATERPROOF — it can even be used whilst bathing!

UNBREAKABLE — it can be worn without fear of damage! Incorporating a patented *floating* non-magnetic jewelled lever movement, shock, vibration, dust and sand proof.

Each Watch *time tested under water*, chromium patent gland case, 24 hour dial. Leather strap. Cash price 59/6 (Luminous dial 2/6 extra) or yours for 5/- down. **Other Ladies' and Gents.' models from 25/-.** IMPORTANT.—These watches are only obtainable from us—avoid cheap unserviceable imitations.

YOUR OLD WATCH TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE

THE GENUINE Aeroplane WATCH

As supplied to: IMPERIAL AIRWAYS Etc.

Write for FREE Catalogue of watches from 5/- down or order to-day from:

G. & M. LANE & CO., LTD. (Dept. P.S. 18), 24/26 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE

REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull teeth become naturally white and sparkling

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth. Now there is a way to keep the faintest trace from showing—use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day. See how Pepsodent immediately begins to make teeth whiter. Then after a few days, let your mirror prove that teeth *are* cleaner . . . that they glisten with natural whiteness.

Authorities will tell you that smoking and food stains are absorbed by film. This film must be removed.

The revolutionary stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent brings out the natural whiteness of teeth, it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance. Pepsodent provides *double-action* in keeping teeth immaculate. It is the softest . . . therefore the *safest* . . . of eleven well-known tooth pastes as proved by impartial scientific tests.

Not until you try Pepsodent can you know how this "film-removing tooth paste" keeps your teeth free from smoke stains.

PEPSODENT SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE 1/- & 1/9

33-E-B

Tackle that irritating throat 'tickle' with Allenburys Pastilles. They keep the throat sweet and moist and the voice resonant and clear

Allenburys PASTILLES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8°& 1/3

WHERE Advertisers offer to send Samples, Brochures, or to supply special Details of their product, and you would like to receive these, please fill in the Postage-Saving Enquiry Coupon below, when particulars as advertised to be supplied, will be gladly sent.

POSTAGE-SAVING ENQUIRY FORM

To Office Manager,
"Passing Show," 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me sample, brochure or further particulars of the following advertisements, as offered in the announcements:—

Name of Advertisers.	*Pages.*

N.B.—Samples, brochures, particulars, etc., can only be forwarded in conformity with the offer made in the advertisement. Where stamps are asked for it is essential this condition be complied with, otherwise we are unable to pass on the request to the advertiser.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

22-2-36

CAN YOU DRAW?

Sketching is Easy when You have been shown How!

Did you ever think what a pleasant and profitable profession is open before anyone with a talent for drawing? Commercial Artists and Illustrators make big incomes, the work is extremely interesting and enjoyable, and is exceptionally well paid. High prices are paid for Illustrations, Cartoons, and Designs for Advertisements and Posters. Editors, Publishers, and Advertisers are always looking out for new and interesting drawings and are willing to pay good prices for them.

LEARN AT HOME.—There is no need for you to leave your home in order to study this delightful and absorbingly interesting art. You can study anywhere under our resultful system of correspondence instruction with which you have the help and guidance of artists high in their profession.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK—FREE.—An unusual publication of real value to anyone with a liking for Drawing. It gives hundreds of interesting facts about Commercial Art and Illustrating.

CUT OUT—AND POST TO-DAY!

THE BRITISH & DOMINIONS SCHOOL OF DRAWING LTD.,
96 GREYCOAT GALLERIES, GREYCOAT PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me a copy of your Free Book, "Drawing for Pleasure and Profit." I enclose 3d. to help to pay postage, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

SEND COUPON FOR FREE BOOK "DRAWING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT"

SKIN TROUBLES?

Here's a specialist's advice—

Don't delay! That's the first advice. Prompt treatment, whether your trouble be skin blemishes or irritant skin disease, is essential for a speedy cure. Apply D.D.D. Brand Prescription as directed and you will join the many thousands of men and women who have experienced the wonderful relief which this world-famous remedy gives. The antiseptic healing qualities of D.D.D. Prescription make it specially effective. As soon as it is applied, soreness disappears, and the work of healing has well begun. Don't delay! Buy a bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription at your chemists NOW. Price 1/3.

FREE! SEND NOW

Write for a generous trial bottle, to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. P.S.22, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. BRAND PRESCRIPTION

FOR ALL SKIN TROUBLES

As they say in Auchtermuchty:

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.

they're blended better

—they're Wills's

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½d.

Try a loaf of BERMALINE BREAD to-day—you have a treat in Store.

From Quality Bakers

BERMALINE

95, Bothwell St., Glasgow, C.2.

★ PLAN YOUR ★

HOLIDAY

with the aid of

"The Passing Show"

WHAT is your ideal holiday? Days of laziness in the sun, or strenuous times afoot or in pursuit of sport? Why not see France, Belgium, Switzerland? Such a joy as the Easter Festival in Paris is unforgettable—and "The Passing Show" Free Service Bureau will smooth your path for you with advice on where to go, how to get there, where to stay—and how to make your holiday the best you've ever known. State your holiday problem clearly and briefly in a letter and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

Attach to your letter an Enquiry Voucher cut from "The Passing Show," and post your letter to: "Service Bureau," "The Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IN LOVE *with a* PHOTOGRAPH

HE loved her for nearly twenty years. He never spoke a single word to her, yet when a drunken man made a derogatory remark about her picture which he had hung above his bar, he killed him.

Like something from the pages of a novelette is the true story of "Judge" Roy Bean, romantic lover of the wild and woolly West.

Roy Bean fought in the American Civil War, and he was still a young man when hostilities ceased. At that time all the Southern states were the scene of great construction programmes, and men who desired to make their fortunes flocked southward from the more densely populated North.

Among them was Bean, who journeyed down into Texas. Here he soon learned that a railroad was to be constructed from El Paso, situated on the Mexican border westward to California.

Shrewdly surmising that the men who would build the road would, by the time they had reached the half-way mark, be extremely thirsty, Bean loaded two wagons with whisky and lumber and started ahead to find a site for a saloon.

Just west of the alkaline waters of the River Pecos, he came to a waterhole from which bubbled sweet, cool water. It was the only one for miles in any direction and here he built his saloon.

Might was right, and possession nine points to the Law, in the West at that time. Bean claimed the waterhole by right of possession and backed his claim with an ever ready pair of "six-guns," in the use of which weapons he was unusually skilful. Men who travelled past the waterhole, paid not only for whisky, but also for the water necessary to their existence.

Other settlers followed Bean and soon a flourishing community had grown up around the waterhole. Bean called this new town Vinegaroon, after a species of small but deadly scorpion, prevalent in that vicinity.

Ever the opportunist, Bean appointed himself mayor, without the formality of consulting the remainder of the town's inhabitants. Later he announced that he was the postmaster and a few weeks later the Government appointed him to the post officially.

Making the most of his opportunities he next declared himself justice of the peace and coroner. Such was the domineering quality of the man that people for hundreds of miles around recognised him in both capacities and came or were brought into his court. He married and buried, tried and condemned.

Then growing more ambitious he declared himself a "Judge" and "The Law West of the Pecos." With a very tattered volume of the Statutes of the State of Texas and a Public Notary's Seal, he set up court in the bar of his saloon. Strange as it may seem, he was the only semblance of legal authority for hundreds of miles. The country was sparsely settled, most of the inhabitants, now that the railroad construction crews had departed, being ranchers and their families or employees.

The war and the unsettled conditions that had followed it had bred a type of man, who was not content to settle down. In many cases these drifters had turned outlaws. In time they had been driven out of the more populous states and had drifted southward, knowing that in the vast stretches of Texas and Oklahoma, they were safe from police officers.

Before Bean founded his illegal court the ranchers, who had caught these drifters stealing their horses and cattle, had hanged them on the spot, but now they brought their prisoners before the "judge."

In the great bar-room the accused would stand before "Judge" Bean and plead his own case. A jury of Vinegaroon's citizens was always to be found in close vicinity to the bar. The "Judge's" slightest wish was the law to them and invariably they voted as he charged them to, after the case had been heard. The sentence for horse-stealing never varied, it was hanging in every case.

It seems impossible in these days and times that a man with no genuine authority or jurisdiction could condemn men to death. Yet Bean's sentences were always carried out.

During court recesses the judge would descend from his bench and donning his white apron become the bartender. He sold beer at four shillings the bottle and whisky at fabulous prices. Woe betide the juror, complainant or prisoner who did not patronise the "Judge's" bar during recess, he was apt to find himself fined for "contempt to court" when Bean resumed his seat on the judicial bench.

Yet in spite of the roughness and unconstitutionality of Bean's court, he did a great deal of good. Thieves and murderers were driven out of that part of the country or else hanged.

Then one morning romance came into the life of "Judge Bean." He fell in love! While sorting out the post one morning he came upon an illustrated magazine. In it was a picture of Lily

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten guineas for your True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

The next instant the room rang with the roar of guns, Hubbard pitched to the floor—dead.

Langtry, known the world over as "The Jersey Lily."

Women were scarce on the frontier. Many men did not see one for months at a time and in the hearts of even the roughest characters women were revered. What the picture did to the love-starved soul of the rough and sometimes vicious Bean may best be understood by his subsequent actions.

That day he cut the picture from the magazine, made a crude frame for it, and hung it high above his bar.

The next morning the people of Vinegaroon awoke to find that a new sign had been placed across the front of the "Judge's" saloon. It read

"The Jersey Lil(l)y
Judge Roy Bean, Notary Public
Law West of the Pecos
Justice of the Peace
Iced Beer."

Though several people no doubt noticed the extra "l" in the word "Lily," no one, it is recorded, made any attempt to call the "Judge's" attention to it, for it remains to this day.

This token of Bean's new found love did not satisfy his passion. He was determined that his adored should have a more lasting monument. Calmly he announced to his fellow townsmen that henceforth Vinegaroon would be known as Langtry. Then he sat down and told the Postmaster General of the United States that the name of the town had been changed in honour of Miss Lily Langtry. What the Postmaster General thought about the matter has never been divulged, but a glance at any map of Texas will show that Langtry is still in existence.

As time passed the "Judge" acquired other pictures of his adored from various sources and soon his bar and court were lined with them. Strangers, ignorant of the "Judge's" unrequited love affair, occasionally made a *faux pas*. They never made the same mistake a second time for barely had their lips closed on the first occasion, when they found themselves gazing down the barrel of Bean's gun and heard him ask for an apology. Invariably sorrow was expressed by the stranger.

One man while under the influence of the "Judge's" whisky, took a pencil and made several additions to the picture, while Bean was absent. In that time and place his efforts passed for humour, but when his dead body was found on the outskirts of Langtry the next morning all the humour was forgotten.

A second individual named Hubbard, while drinking at the bar saw the main picture behind it. He leered at it and made an unprintable remark.

The next instant the room rang with the roar of guns. His own half drawn from its holster Hubbard pitched to the floor—dead.

"Judge" Bean gestured with the smoking muzzle of his guns to several men who stood open mouthed along the bar.

"I appoint you men a coroner's jury," he said softly. He waved a gun at the body on the floor. "What is your verdict as to the cause of this man's death?"

One man quicker witted than his fellows glanced at the dead man and then at Bean's gun.

"Well, Judge," he drawled, "It looks like a plain case of suicide, while of unsound mind."

Years passed and still Bean kept up his one-sided correspondence. Then one day a passing stranger, while partaking of refreshment in Bean's bar, mentioned the fact that Miss Langtry was appearing at a Chicago theatre.

For the next few days the judge was very thoughtful, then he suddenly announced that he had business at the State capital.

In Austin, however, he barely paused, Chicago was his real goal.

From a seat in the front row of that Chicago theatre he saw Miss Langtry for the first time, in the flesh. Night after night he sat in the same place, watching with adoring eyes the woman on the stage above him. He never attempted to meet her. Now that he had seen her as she really was he perhaps realised the gulf that separated them. But he did not return to Texas until his money was exhausted.

Then in March, 1903, "Judge Roy Bean" died.

A simple stone with the inscription—

"Judge Roy Bean
Justice of the Peace
Law West of the Pecos"

stands at the head of his grave to-day, for all to see.

As the years had passed he had become a well beloved character. Gradually the story of his hopeless passion for the woman he never met became known all over the State, but, strange as it may seem, people who heard it did not laugh.

By the irony of fate a few short months after his death a train made an unscheduled stop at Langtry. From it alighted the most beautiful woman that the townspeople had ever seen.

She informed the dazzled mayor, who had been summoned to greet her, that she was Lily Langtry, and she had stopped in answer to the hundreds of invitations extended to her by Judge Bean.

Perhaps, she understood in some small measure just what she had meant to one hopeless man, when they showed her the saloon and told her the story of "The Law West of the Pecos."

It is said that when she boarded the train again there were tears in her beautiful eyes.

OVERHEARD IN BALLROOM LOUNGE . .

"You will admit, girls are more careful about Personal Freshness now—thanks to Lifebuoy Toilet Soap"

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

PREVENTS "B·O"
(BODY-ODOUR)

3D.
PRICE IN UNITED KINGDOM ONLY

LBT 194-201-

ODOL Tooth Paste · in tubes 6d and 1/-

Garland 16

He thinks his overcoat a pest
But Zubes will guard his throat and chest

Go—suck a

ZUBE

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Friar's Balsam and other tried and homely remedies that are 'best for throat and chest.'

In flat tins 3d. and 6d.

2½d. per ounce loose.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

You're Telling Us!

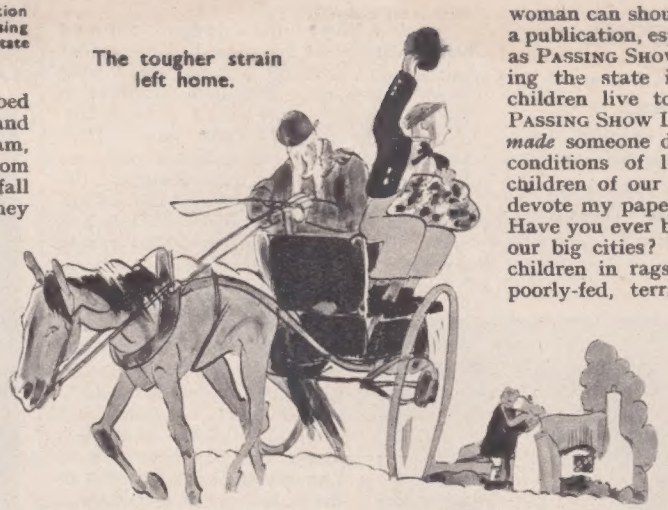
FROM THAT NEST of genius, that hot-bed of talent, that home of enterprise and ingenuity (we refer to Birmingham, the City Beautiful) comes a letter from Mr. Albert Edward Weeks, who lets fall a few remarks about fighting. They should know in Birmingham, where they know nothing if they do not know how to use their hands. The workshop of the world, and not a bad sort of place for a country to have, beautiful, or not. "We get along," confides Mr. Weeks in philosophic mood, "by experiment, and finding things out for ourselves. All life is a pursuit of knowledge, and civilisation is the sum total of that knowledge, acquired and shared." Good stuff this. High in tone, and elevating to read. But listen to how we fall off the high note, now.

I AM READY," says Mr. Weeks, "to bet that my dog, Joe, would make circles round your cheap yapper, Shag, in an honest-to-goodness fight. In the pursuit of knowledge, I challenge you to produce your dog, and let the two animals settle the point between themselves."

THE MATTER WOULD, without doubt, be settled not in the pursuit of knowledge, but in the pursuit of Mr. Weeks's dog by Shag. But to continue: "Seriously," adds Mr. Weeks, "fighting is one of the things in life that go to show character and *worth*. I would never stop a fight if I were a schoolmaster. A boy who will fight is a good lad. A boy who will put up his dukes and scrap for a thing is the boy who will get what he wants, and I do not mean that he will bully others into giving up what is theirs. A fighter has pluck, and pluck is what makes a man branch off on his own account, thus garnering knowledge and adding to the amenities of civilisation. Show me a boy (or girl, for that matter: they have ways of their own of fighting) who refuses fight, and I will show you a person who will not do much with his life. Dogs, men, birds—the fighters are the ones worth while. My dog, Joe, is a bull terrier."

SHAG'S FAVOURITE BREAKFAST dish. Mrs. Willis, who writes to us from Geelong, Australia, considers that the spirit of letters on this page, and the attitude of our comments on them show the essential difference between those who colonised the Empire and those (whom she says) stayed at home. It is all those letters about a woman's work that have done it. "My mother," writes Mrs. Willis, "came out to Australia as a young women with Captain Setten in the only sailing ship to ply between England and this continent. That was a long time ago, and that mariner must have brought out ancestors of about half the population here.

SHE AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND had no resources (my father had been a farm boy in Gloucestershire). They settled, farmed, raised fifteen children; educating them, and putting them all into good positions. Thirteen survive to this day, and we are all in fairly good health, in spite of old age. Neither my mother nor my father ever thought of a woman's or a man's work 'being done.' They spent their lives working hard rearing their family. And I know they lived very happily. I have written all this because it inflames the memory of my parents to read of women complaining of this and that, when they have probably, no hardships at all, and may be one or two children to care for. I cannot decide whether the fresh country our folk moved into in the nineteenth century made new folk of them, or whether only the more hardy, daring, and industrious folk chanced leaving the old country. The sort of letters I read on your page make me think the tougher strain left home."



THE AUSSIES WERE GOOD scrappers in the War, at that (can you hear us, Mr. Weeks?). If you were a writer or an editor, instead of someone prosperous with a safe and respectable job, what would you do? Mrs. J. M., of Hastings, has the answer, and it happens—does this question—to interest us intimately. We ourselves once wanted to grow up to be a bus conductor, for we knew what, as a bus conductor, we should do. You're right. Ping that ticket puncher. But we were a sore disappointment to our parents and grew up into the editing line of business, thus depriving London of one of its leading conductors.

ANYONE FORTUNATE ENOUGH to hold your position," states Mrs. M., "possesses great power for good. I cannot see how any right-thinking man or woman can shoulder the responsibility for a publication, especially one so widely read as PASSING SHOW, at the same time ignoring the state in which so many slum children live to-day. Were I editor of PASSING SHOW I would not rest until I had *made* someone do something to alter the conditions of life of thousands of the children of our poorer families. I would devote my paper and myself to that end. Have you ever been in the poorer parts of our big cities? Have you ever seen the children in rags, playing in the gutters, poorly-fed, terribly-housed, of necessity ill-cared for, since their mothers have to work as well as their fathers to keep some sort of a roof over their heads?

OBVIOUSLY YOU HAVE NOT, and obviously you think this is the same sort of appeal that one so often hears, and disregards. The dirt, squalor, hunger, and ill-health go on. So do the children, and if it does not touch the heart to see human nature in them striving to be happy in such appalling conditions, mankind has no heart. Why should so many be made to suffer? They tell us there must always be rich and poor. Perhaps, but there should be none so poor as to have to live in the conditions that one child out of ten has to live in in this country. I would make the luxurious rich first support the slum-poor. That done they could be as rich as they liked. The first condition of any civilised country should be a minimum standard of healthy living *for all*. This could easily be achieved, but those who could achieve it are the rich, who do not care."

TOO TRUE TO CALL for comment from the likes of us. And to end cheerfully, listen to an anonymous voice crying from the outer darkness—and on a postcard with a London postmark, too! "Open a dustbin," explains the postcard, "and what do you find? Dust and rubbish. Who are you to fling mud at everyone trying to do their bit? Who are you to stir up slime and cause trouble? Who do you think you are, dealing in rubbish, and dirt, and mud?"

WE DO NOT KNOW, but we'll look it up in *Ooze-'Oo*.

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

PASSING SLIPS

Half a crown will be paid to the sender of each "Slip" published. Actual cuttings must be sent. If more than one reader submits the same "Slip" prize will be awarded to first opened. Address "Slips," PASSING SHOW, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Extraordinary Weather.—"Cloudy at first with occasional rain and perhaps *sleep*."—*Daily Express.*

Truth in Advertising.—"Double-gent's tandem, *very little use*."—Advert in *Cycling*.

Back to Barter?—"Gentleman's evening suit, nearly new, bargain, five *gins*."—Advert. in *Brighton Evening Argus*.

Grave Injustice.—"They arrested me for being *on leave without absence*!"—*Manchester Evening News*.

Words after the Letters

CLUES DOWN

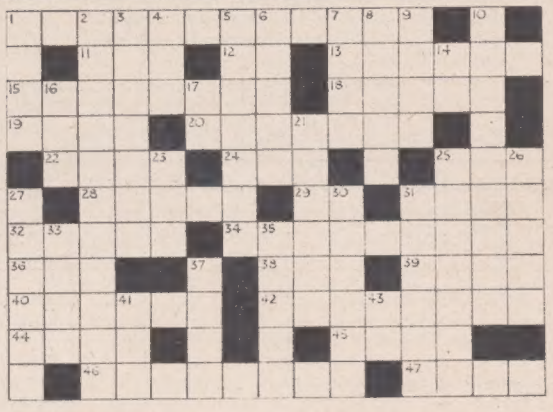
1. Ride for the calamitous.
2. When the quickness of the hand deceives the eye.
3. A biblical liar who paid the penalty.
4. Irish possibly.
5. Rio tide for a rock.
6. A slight amendment would convert such a cancellation into a chronicle.
7. Toss a piece of money for this image.
8. They do this in Hyde Park and other places.
9. At Dungeness, but not at Selsey Bill.
10. One who disagrees.
14. 16 Decapitated.
16. Here's poetry, in name, at least.
17. Half 44.
21. The whole of a Yorkshire river to entice one.
23. Pare the cuticle for this.
25. An idle talker.
26. In other words, it's prolific.
27. Car cue (anagram).
30. Assent.
31. My boss.
33. Comes from above.
35. A caterpillar.
37. Optional plural of the Roman hearth.
41. Controls the stars at Wimbledon.
43. Half note.

CLUES ACROSS

1. A ruinous state.
11. Spot the lady given an ace (hidden).
12. Tail of 33.
13. Triced for trust.
15. Such days are for supplication.
18. Camels' pubs, so to speak.
19. Need for a garden.
20. Not where they should be.
22. Rice for a little hero.
24. All's not well here.
25. Only half petrol.
28. Such dismay hides a relative.
29. Feminine article in Calais.
31. Eagle of other days.
32. A cock's comb.
34. Edit a clue to make a thing clearer.
36. Take the river out of the Decameron.
38. Geometrical figure reminiscent of French heroine.
39. A small creature for a detail.
40. Where the Merchant of Venice "scarce dare show his head."
42. Comes in again.
44. The least whole number.
45. 42 probably by this.
46. Columbus could.
47. Polite request for a reply.

A	M	A	L	G	A	M	A	T	E	D	■	S
R	■	M	E	A	S	U	R	E	M	E	N	T
T	R	E	A	T	■	S	C	R	U	B	■	E
■	I	N	S	E	R	T	■	E	L	A	S	T
C	O	D	■	■	E	■	D	A	T	E	S	■
U	T	M	O	S	T	■	V	O	T	E	D	■
L	■	E	■	P	I	N	■	O	S	I	R	I
S	L	E	N	T	I	C	U	L	A	R	■	M
E	M	O	E	N	T	I	R	E	T	Y	■	C
E	D	A	R	D	I	S	P	E	N	S	E	■
O	N	G	■	■	D	■	S	■	T	■	A	N
O	T	H	E	R								

Solution to last week's puzzle



B125 | 479

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post Free all over the World (except Canada): 15s. 2d. per annum, 7s. 7d. for six months, 3s. 10d. for three months. For Canada, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second-class matter May 17, 1929, at New York Post Office, N.Y. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Albouy, Paris.

D 7 | A 172

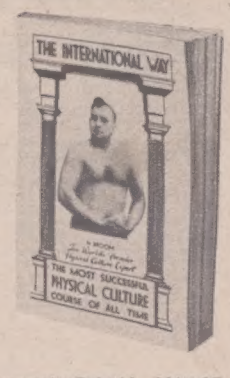
BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

ERIC BROOM
at 15

The Most Successful Course of All Time

Never in Physical Culture History have Results been Known to Equal These

FATHERS! You want that lad of yours to be a better man than his Father? I do, and if the "International Course" had done nothing else it would have repaid me in the Physique of my son . . . born under air raid conditions, to-day he is stronger at 17 than most men. Give your lad a chance to help himself, equip him with Health, Vigour, Determination and, above all, Mental Control, apart from giving him qualities which will enable him to hold his own in LIFE'S Battles, you are teaching him to develop those factors so necessary in his business life . . .



HERE ARE A FEW TESTIMONIALS TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM THOUSANDS!

J. E. Peach: Have increased all round with 6 lb. Increase in weight.
G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.
E. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.
J. Shackie, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.
J. Farraty, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.
J. T. Carrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.
L. D. O. Leo Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.
S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1½ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.
R. G. Steadman, Anfield: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. bicep, 2 in. thigh and 3 in. calves.
L. Ross, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 5 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.
E. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days, 11 lb., biceps 1⅞ in., etc., etc.
W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.
B. McNeff, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements but robust health. Gained 7 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.
L. D. Smith, Plaistow: I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the result with you for 30/-.
C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.
P. A. Strutman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.
L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.
B. Penn: Increases 1 st. and ¾ lb. and other measurements.
F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck, and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.
Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1¼ in., forearm, 1½ in.

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE

consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All-Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit . . .

The Course really does give bulk in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

READ WHAT THESE JOURNALS SAY:

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these Offices and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."
Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."
Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."
Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,697 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountant's Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give Readers proof.
See this Marvellous Result of Training on the **INTERNATIONAL COURSE**

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own bodyweight, which has stood still for 20 years and 30 in. in development in one year.

I again proved the Course on my son Eric, who, at 17, is stronger than most men and winner of 15 medals.

My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed four cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . not luck, but results.

I gave figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 22,956 testimonials have been certified by the Editor of "H. & S." and Accountants. I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials.

This course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Astor gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published.

85 per cent. of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my After-Sales Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

FREE TO EVERY READER!

I have published an instructional book entitled, "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground. It shows how 20,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World-Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.

What others have got does not benefit you, but you are clearly shown how you can get exactly the same results and the same benefits; nothing is hidden.

Also, the full 32 pages from cover to cover are packed with photographic studies such as the Physical Culture World has never before seen; new poses of novices turned into stars; new and unpublished photographs of myself, Eric Broom's wonderful physique, and so on until you get to the last page you are full of new inspirations, new ambitions, and, above all, they are realizable.

The Book is free, but cost me a lot of money, and when this first Edition is exhausted you may be disappointed. So write for your FREE copy TO-DAY.

H. BROOM,
BROOM HALL,
HOLDERNESS RD., HULL

The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results

Special Offer, 30/- or 1/- Weekly

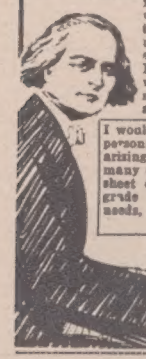
85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in Your Career.

To H. BROOM, 553 Holderness Road, Hull.
Please send me a copy of your book "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY" and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE without obligation.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
Please write in Block Letters. *Bradleys* P.S.

"They laughed at first—

but when I began to play—a *hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal* Moonlight Sonata. *My friends sat spellbound! When the last notes died away, the excitement on their faces! 'Who was your teacher?' 'How do you get that* lovely singing tone?'" I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started without knowing a note. **The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER** beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks difficulties of Time, Fingering and Tone shall simply disappear and your playing and Sight Reading shall be literally transformed. You learn from ordinary musical notation—no freakish methods—and are taught mentally and physically in perfect unison, enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I enrolled more than 100 adult pupils last week, have taught 2,600 these last 12 months, over 43,000 during 31 years, and I CAN TEACH YOU!



I would emphasize that during tuition you are personally in touch with me, and questions arising out of your studies are encouraged. In many cases I write my answer upon the same sheet of paper as the question is asked. I grade my lessons to suit your individual needs, adding special supplementary lessons as requirement arises.

SEND P.C. for FREE BOOK, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and Form for FREE advice. Say Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner. Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 66B), 69 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

£20,000,000 BILL *for* COMMON COLDS

REMEMBER those horrible colds in the head that you had last year? They were some of the 80,000,000 colds which cost this country £20,000,000. Quite a big bill for what Sir Kingsley Wood calls "Public Health Enemy No. 1," isn't it? Meet the man who hasn't had a cold for fourteen years. At one time he was like the rest of us, but he has found a sure way of avoiding colds. He is Mr. Wilfrid Hill, who, in his recently published book, "'Cold' Free for Fourteen Years," tells *how* he has apparently become immune from colds.

Do you wish *you* knew the simple secret? You can learn by sending the sum of 1/- for a copy of "'Cold' Free for Fourteen Years" to County Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. P.S.), Bradford Street, Birmingham.

Learn to Draw at Home

A Press Art School Postal Course is the ideal spare-time interest——happy, Profitable, *inexpensive...* and Art is ever so simple when taught my way, even for the raw beginner.

Very many famous artists have taken my Courses—you can see their work in all the leading illustrated publications. *You* would receive exactly the same sincere, inspiring training which has helped *them* to success.

FREE ILL'D HANDBOOK

If you would like to Sketch and Paint, send for **my free illustrated Handbook.** It shows you how I can teach *you*, easily and happily, no matter if you have never drawn a line before. The Handbook is a free Drawing Lesson in itself—a P.C. brings it.

Percy V. Bradshaw, THE PRESS ART SCHOOL (Dept. P.S. 191), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23

HENRY'S VERY BUSY

Henry is providing plentiful surprises and fun for a legion of admirers. A beautiful album, with a coloured picture of Henry and his pals on the cover, has been issued by the makers of Kensitas Cigarettes in order that the second set of these amusing cards may be preserved as they deserve. This ingenious album doubles the enjoyment of the cards since a "clue" is placed beside each space reserved for cards, and collectors are invited to imagine from this clue what Henry will be doing in the picture. It's not easy to guess. Try it, by obtaining the Kensitas "Henry" Album from your tobacconist and start collecting "Henry's" now.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

The Passing Show's £2,000 *FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT*

37 GENEROUS BENEFITS — *Complete the forms below*

PASSING SHOW

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 22/2/36

CUT HERE

Post *this Form* to

"Passing Show" Insurance Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent

.....

..... Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 22/2/36

CIVIL SERVICE
AND COMMERCIAL CAREERS

FORTHCOMING Civil Service Exams. and how best to prepare for them. Send coupon to-day for a Copy of the authoritative "Civil Service Guide" or "Guide to Careers in Secretaryship, Accountancy, etc.," offered free by the Metropolitan College, Dept. S5/2, St. Albans.

Please send me to keep without charge or obligation a copy of:
•{Civil Service Guide / Guide to Careers in Secretaryship, etc.
•Cross out one not required.
S5/2

Name.....
(In capitals)
Address.....
Passing Show,
Feb. 22, 1936.....

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
Dept. S5/2, ST. ALBANS.

Whatever the pleasure

PLAYER'S

complete it

Everyday incidents, everyday pleasures give proof that Player's alone Please the great majority. In every walk of life Player's are found giving colour and completeness to work and play—and PLAYER'S are chosen because "It's the Tobacco that Counts."

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED
10 FOR 6d

20 - 11½D

IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE *Player's Please* IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

N.C.C.3U3A